THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For FEBRUARY, 1807.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Biographical Sketch of the Princess of Wales, 59
2 On the Conversation of Men of Letters, 64
3 On Fashion, 64
4 Botany for Ladies, 64
5 Harriet Vernon; or, Characters from real Life, 65
6 The Downhill of Life, 69
7 Family Anecdotes, 74
8 A Night Walk in February, 78
9 London Fashions, 81
10 Parisian Fashions, 82
11 Opera Dress, 82
12 On Modern Empirics, 82
13 Extract from the Play of 'Adrian and Orrila,' 84
14 Memoirs of Mr. Pitt, 91
15 Account of the New Play—'The Curfew,' 98
16 Poetical Essays—The Butterfly's Ball, and the Grasshopper's Feast—The Haunted Cottage—Address to Opulence and Competence—Sonnet—The Tear—A Winter Scene—The Adieu—The Charmer of Leadenhall Street—Mary Marton, a Ballad—A Sonnet 101—104
17 Foreign News, 105
18 Home News, 108
19 Births, 111
20 Marriages, 111
21 Deaths, 112

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 Portrait of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.
2 Botany for Ladies.
3 Fashionable Evening and Full Dress.
4 A new Pattern for the Headpiece of a Cap.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Family Anecdotes* will be concluded in our next: we hope the ingenious writer, to whom we return our grateful acknowledgments, will soon resume her pen, and favour us with other communications.

Elegiac Stanzas, and other contributions of W. M. T., in our next.

Mr. I—— will observe that we do not insert deaths or marriages unless they are properly authenticated.

The *Flake of Snow* is only a verse of a well-known very old song, with the alteration of a word or two.

The *Parody on Thomson's Celadon and Amelia* is inadmissible in our Miscellany: the author's sense of decorum and decency, if he has any, must surely have told him this.

Daphnis on *Kisses* is under consideration.

The *Lines to Miss R. H. the author of The Man to my Mind*, had been overlooked; they shall certainly appear in our next, as shall also the *Lines addressed to a Young Lady on a dear Friend's going to Sea*.

We will endeavour to comply with Dorothée's request respecting the pattern.

*** We have this month presented our Readers with *four additional pages*, containing a full and authentic account of the late calamitous accident in the Old Bailey.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For FEBRUARY, 1807.

Biographical Sketch of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

(With a Portrait of her Royal Highness, elegantly engraved.)

CAROLINE AMELIA ELIZABETH, the amiable consort of his royal highness George Prince of Wales, is the second daughter of the late duke of Brunswick, who died on the tenth of November last, in consequence of the dreadful wound he had unfortunately received at the battle of Jena, on the fourteenth of October preceding. Her royal highness was born on the seventeenth of May, 1768, and married to the prince of Wales on the eighth of April, 1795, by whom she has issue the princess Charlotte Carolina Augusta, born January the seventh, 1796.

Her highness before her marriage was closely allied to the royal family of England, being the cousin of her illustrious consort. Frederick Lewis, the late prince of Wales, and father of his present majesty, who was born January the twentieth, 1707, and died March the twentieth, 1751, during the life-time of his father king George II., married, on the twenty-seventh of April, 1736, Augusta, the daughter of Frederick II. duke of Saxe Gotha. His eldest daughter Augusta, who was born July the thirty-first, 1737, was married on the seventeenth of January, 1764, to the late duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, by whom she had issue three sons and three daughters. The princess of Wales is the second of these daughters. Her eldest sister, Charlotte Georgiana Augusta, who was born the third of December, 1764, was married on the eleventh of October, 1780, to Frederick William, son of the duke of Wurtemberg Stutgard, and died in 1791. His highness afterwards married, on the eighteenth of May, 1797, Charlotte Augusta Matilda, princess royal of England.

It is not for us minutely to appreciate the character of the princess of Wales, or to pretend to give an account of the origin of those differences which appear to have so long subsisted between her royal highness and her illustrious consort, of the real causes of which we can, in fact, know so little. Still less do we mean to enter into any discussion relative to a certain *investigation*, as it has been called, of a truly *delicate* nature, concerning which rumour has so long been employed in circulating what are, there can be little doubt, the grossest falsehoods and most pitiable absurdities. It is sufficient to say, that her royal highness, in the retirement in which she lives at Blackheath, has, by her affability, condescension, and the whole of her conduct, uniformly acquired the most

ardent attachment and affection, and the most profound respect, from all who have had the honour to have the slightest intercourse with her.

A German traveller, Joachim Henry Campe, who was in England in 1803, has inserted in his account of his travels some anecdotes of the princess of Wales, which we shall here extract, as they appear to be an honest and unbiassed testimony in favour of her extensive beneficence, and the good and amiable qualities of her mind and heart.

'When I was at the residence of the princess of Wales at Blackheath,' says this traveller, 'she had the condescension to conduct me to a garden at some distance which she had laid out principally herself, and which she superintends entirely herself, not suffering any person to do any thing in it but under her immediate direction. I admired the beautiful order and the careful cultivation of even the most insignificant spot; the judicious combination of the useful with the agreeable, which appeared so delightful wherever I cast my eyes. I was charmed with the neat borders of flowers between which we passed, and which I was much pleased to find so small; because, as the princess remarked, too much room ought not to be taken from the useful vegetables, merely for the purpose of pleasing the eye. I was transported with the elegance, taste, and convenience displayed in the pavilion, in which the dignified owner, who furnished the plan and the directions for every part of it, has solved the problem how a building of only two stories could be constructed and arranged in such a manner, that a small family, capable of limiting its desires, might find in it a habitation equally handsome, elegant, and commodious. The manner in which this has been effected deserves, in my opinion, the notice and admiration of professed architects.

'After my royal guide had shewn me her favourite spot—a small and extremely simple seat, overshadowed by two or three honey-suckles, the branches of which are cut in such a manner that one of the finest prospects which this place commands opens to the view as through a window—she invited me to survey the most important part of her grounds. I manifested some surprise, conceiving that I had seen every thing. The amiable princess smiled, and conducted me to a considerable tract covered with vegetables, composing the farther and largest part of this garden.' "This," said she, "is my principal concern. Here I endeavour to acquire the honourable name of a farmer, and that, you see, not merely in jest. The vegetables which I raise here, in considerable quantity, are carried to town and sold, and the produce amounts annually to a handsome sum."

'You will probably guess to what purpose this handsome sum is applied. Or shall I let you a little more into the secret of the active and benevolent life which the future queen of the first and most powerful nation in the world leads here in a simple country-house, which is, in fact, not so large as that of a petty German baron. Well, then, be it so; I will even run the risk of incurring her displeasure, in case she should ever be informed of my treachery. My heart is too full to resist the eager desire to disburthen itself.

'Know, then, that this accomplished young princess leads in this modest mansion a life so useful, so active, so virtuous, that I might challenge the most celebrated philosopher, in a like situation, to surpass her. She has no court, no officers of state, no chamberlains,

no maids of honour, &c. because she has no occasion for them here; but she is occasionally visited by two female friends, who are not so merely in name—the very intelligent and worthy Mrs. Fitzgerald, and her amiable daughter. Her whole long forenoon, that is from six in the morning till seven in the evening, is devoted to business, to reading and writing, to the cultivation of different arts, as music, painting, embroidery, modelling in clay, gardening, and to—education.

'My last word, perhaps, is to you a kind of enigma, because it is so unusual to see persons of princely rank occupy themselves with an employment which cannot have any charms for persons who have a taste only for the pleasures and amusements of a court. But you will be still more surprised when I add, that it is not the young and promising princess her *daughter* whom she educates, but eight or nine poor orphan children, to whom she has the condescension to supply the place of a mother. Her own is the child of the state, and, according to the constitution of the country, must not, alas! be educated by herself. These poor children are boarded by her with honest people in the neighbourhood; she herself not only directs every thing relative to their education and instruction, but sends every day to converse with them, and thus contribute towards the formation of their infant minds. Never while I live shall I forget the charming, the affecting scene, which I had the happiness of witnessing when the princess was pleased to introduce to me her little foster-children. We were sitting at table; the princess and her friends were at breakfast; but I, in the German fashion, was taking my dinner. The children appeared clothed in the cleanest, but at the same time in the simplest, manner, just as the children of country people are in general dressed. They seemed perfectly ignorant of the high rank of their foster-mother, or rather not to comprehend it. The sight of a stranger somewhat abashed them; but their bashfulness soon wore off, and they appeared to be perfectly at home. Their dignified benefactress conversed with them in a lively, jocose, and truly maternal manner. She called to her first one, and then another, and among the rest a little boy, five or six years old, who had a sore upon his face. Many a parent of too delicate nerves would not have been able to look at her own child in this state without an unpleasant sensation: not so the royal mother of these orphans. She called the boy to her, gave him a biscuit, looked at his face, to see whether it got any better, and manifested no repugnance when the grateful infant pressed her hand to his bosom.

'What this wise royal instructress said to me on this occasion is too deeply impressed upon my memory to be erased. "People find fault with me," said she; "for not doing more for these children after I have once taken them under my care; I ought, in their opinion, to provide them with more elegant and costly clothes, to keep masters of every kind for them, that they may make a figure as persons of refined education. However, I only laugh at their censure, for I know what I am doing. It is not my intention to raise these children into a rank superior to that in which they are placed; in that rank I mean them to remain, and to become useful, virtuous, and happy members of society. The boys are destined to become expert seamen, and the girls skilful, sensible, industrious housewives—nothing more. I have them instructed in all that is really serviceable for either of these desti-

nations; but every thing else is totally excluded from the plan of education which I have laid down for them. Those who are acquainted with the splendour of the higher classes, and have reflected upon it, will beware of snatching children from the more happy condition of inferior rank, for the purpose of raising them into the former, in despite of Providence and natural destination."

'Such is the wise and benevolent manner in which this admirable princess, in the flower of her age, passes one day after another. Towards evening, a very small company, of not more than three or four persons, assembles at her house to dine with her; and, fortunately, ceremony does not oblige her to pay regard in her selection to any other recommendation than merit. It is only on court-days, when the royal family assemble, that she goes to town, or to Windsor, to complete the dignified circle of which she is such a distinguished ornament. To the theatres, and other places of amusement of the fashionable world, her royal highness is a stranger. Since she came to England she has only been twice to the play, and that was soon after her arrival. This, which of itself is an extraordinary circumstance, will be considered a great sacrifice by those who know the uncommon love and respect which is cherished by people of all ranks for their future queen, and consequently, need not be told, that she renounces a triumph as often as she withdraws from public view.

'She devotes one day in the week to her own daughter, the princess Charlotte, who comes to see her, and spends the day with her. There is nothing to prevent her from enjoying this gratification oftener, for the child must be brought to her whenever she pleases. For wise reasons, however, she denies herself and her daughter the more frequent repetition of a pleasure of which both of them are every day ardently desirous. "If," said she, "I were to have the child with me every day, I should be obliged sometimes to speak to her in a tone of displeasure, and even of severity. She would then have less affection for me, and what I said to her would make less impression upon her heart. As it is, we remain in some mesure new to each other; at each of her visits I have occasion to shew her love and tenderness, and the consequence is, that the child is attached to me with all her soul, and not a word I say to her fails of producing the desired effect."

'I was myself an eye-witness of the truth of this. Such tender attachment and such fervent love as this child, only seven years old, manifests to her royal mother, is assuredly seldom seen in persons of that rank. Her eyes are incessantly fixed on the beauteous countenance of her tender mother; and what eyes! Never, in a child of her age, have I beheld eyes so expressive, so soft, so penetrating. The first time she cast them on me, she seemed as though she would penetrate my soul. The most experienced observer of mankind cannot scrutinise more severely a person of whom he wishes to form a speedy judgment. For the rest, neither her dress nor her behaviour afford the least room to suspect her high destination. The former is so simple, and the latter so natural and unaffected, that were you to see her in any other place, without knowing her, you would scarcely take her for the heiress of a throne. In every dress, and in every place, however, the attentive observer would easily discover her to be an extraordinary child. The royal artist, her mother, has made a model of her, and of several other persons who are dear to her, in clay,

and afterwards taken from them plaster casts, which are most perfect resemblances. In acquiring that art, this accomplished princess pursued a manner of her own. Instead of working, as usual, a long time from models, she merely procured instruction in the use of the tools; her fancy then formed the representation of an imaginary person, and she began to compose the figure without any copy. The subject of her first essay was the *Leonora* of Burger's celebrated ballad; her second was the head of an old lord, whose name I have forgotten; and the third was her daughter, the princess Charlotte.

'This reminds me of another piece of work by the hand of this royal artist, which I had likewise an opportunity of inspecting, and which appeared to me equally beautiful and ingenious. In passing through her workroom (where, besides a choice collection of books, and all kinds of implements of the arts, you see a large table covered with papers, writings, drawings, and books) she took the trouble to direct my attention to a very handsome table, and asked me what I conceived it to be. Without a moment's hesitation, I declared it was inlaid, or, as it is called, Mosaic work, and that it was an excellent specimen of the art. She smiled, and said that could not be, as she, who knew nothing of Mosaic work, had made it herself, and in a few hours. "It is nothing more," added her royal highness, "than a square of ground glass on which I have fastened with gum different kinds of natural flowers, which were first carefully dried and pressed, and then turned the glass with the smooth side uppermost, to produce the illusion by which you are deceived. The whole art, or rather the trifling trouble, which this easy operation requires, consists merely in the choice of the situation which must be given to each flower, so that one may be properly connected with the others, and that as small a vacancy as possible may remain between them." As the glass would not, however, be completely covered, I suppose (for unluckily I forgot to inquire) that the intervals are stained with colours so as to give them the appearance of stone.

'By means of this pleasing artifice she has made a Chinese lamp for one of her other apartments, which, like those of coloured glass, or thin alabaster, diffuses a very mild light.

'A second table in her workroom, which appears to be composed of every known species of marble, is—what I never should have imagined had I not been told—nothing more than a square of ground glass, which, on the under side, is painted in such a manner, that the spectator cannot avoid taking the whole for specimens of different species of marble, joined together and inlaid. In each corner a small copper-plate of some antique figure is placed; of course, on the reverse of the square which completes the deception.

'You must, my friend, have no sense of what is beautiful, great, and amiable, if you think it necessary that I should apologise for this little digression into which I have involuntarily been led. Your heart, which is ever open to all that is virtuous and excellent, must, I know, receive equal pleasure with my own from these particulars of the wise and benevolent system of life which a princess, destined for the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, has prescribed for herself, and pursued for so many years with a fortitude and perseverance which seem to exceed the powers of her sex.'

On the Conversation of Men of Letters.

A Remark of Madame de Genlis.

THE conversation of men of letters generally commences with praises and flatteries reciprocally exchanged. An attack upon their rival ensues, and then arise long arguments, stubborn assertions, and violent quarrels. Indeed, it cannot be termed a conversation; every one speaks for himself alone, and follows his own ideas without listening to those of others. They are absent, impatient, or thoughtful. If they are silent, it is to prepare an answer, without the least attention to what has been said. Is an interesting story related? Their minds are occupied in inventing another, which they trust will be more applauded by the hearers. It seems as if they had assembled together with the intention of challenging and surpassing each other, without attempting to promote the common amusement and instruction of the party. They are generally on the watch to find an opportunity of introducing some *bon mots* of their own composition. These are sometimes in honour of men of letters; sometimes anecdotes which relate to themselves: but those numerous quotations become at length tiresome; the hearers seldom feel any portion of the satisfaction of those who repeat them; they are not always instructive; and any person listening to such a conversation would imagine that he heard read one of those fatiguing books, which are full of ridiculous stories and puns, compiled without care and without choice, which we may take up for a moment, but soon throw away with disgust.

ON FASHION.

'FASHION is the child of vanity and love,' says the celebrated Montaigne. When it springs from the desire of decorating the person with modest ornaments, and rendering it amiable in the eyes of man, it is praise-worthy; and then it is the true offspring of love. When its object is to feed conceit, and to administer to pride, to *purvey* for coquetry, and cherish self-love, it is the child of vanity.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

NINTH LESSON CONTINUED.

15. *PAPIPILIOANCEOUS*, butterfly shape, from *papilio*, a Latin word signifying a butterfly, from the supposed resemblance which this species of *corrolla* has to a butterfly, as in the sweet pea. Vide pl. 13. *a*. front view, *b*. back view.

The *upper* petal is called the standard, or *vexillum*: this last word is Latin for a flag, or standard.

The *two side* petals are called the wings, or *alæ*, a Latin word for a wing, and

The *bottom* petal is named the keel, or *carina*, from its supposed resemblance to the keel of a boat. *Carina* is a Latin word meaning a keel. Vide pl. 13. *c, d, d, e*.

16. *Pentapetalous*, having five petals, from the Greek word *pente*, five; as in the pink. Vide pl. 14. *d*.

17. *Hexapetalous*, having six petals, from the Greek word *hex*, six; as in the tulip. Vide pl. 14. *b*.

18. *Polypetalous*, having many petals, from the Greek word *polus*, many; as in the water lily. Vide pl. 14. *e*.

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL,

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

(Continued from p. 30.)

LETTER V.

Mr. Charles Wentworth to Mr. Johnson.

London.

I AM ashamed to acknowledge, dear Johnson, yours of the late date of the twentieth of February last; but in truth you must excuse my negligence, and accept the only apology I can offer, namely, business.—I perfectly agree that it is the 'youth's best preservative from ill;' but where is the youth who does not expect to reap the golden fruits of a close application, as the remark that gain sweetens labour is equally just? I am at this moment labouring under the influence of discontent, anger, pride, and ambition; in a pretty state, say you, to write to a friend: a friend, however, must like one in all humours; so do not complain, but read this letter with patience, and give me your advice how to act, for I never so much needed your friendship and sympathy as at present.

It is now four years since I first engaged as clerk to Mr. Vernon. That he is a sordid wretch is notoriously known; as such, I could never expect to be sufficiently recompensed for my services: the small stipend of thirty pounds a year and my board, is all I have ever received or ever shall, though I were to continue my whole life: I have not a relation or friend in the world who could assist me in any distress I might be involved in; in short, I conceive it as doing myself an injustice to pass the prime of my life in a situation too unproductive for me to make a provision for the season when I shall be disqualified to support myself at all. To this I must add, that the uncouth manners of the man I serve has made my residence with him extremely irksome; and the daily insults I receive, too numerous to particularise, are more than my pride will allow me to bear.

A gentleman has been here a few days past on a visit, of the name of Ambrose, a colonel in the army; but having gained by trade in the East Indies a large fortune, he has sold his commission in the army, and is come home to end his days. This gentleman, who forms the greatest contrast you can conceive to his friend Mr. Vernon, has been pleased to regard me with a particular attention, and yesterday entered into my affairs with a warmth that surprised and flattered me beyond expression.—'Young man,' said he, 'your countenance convinces me that you are not happy, and my own observation of the conduct of Mr. Vernon towards you has led me to guess from whence your discontent proceeds; honour me with your confidence, and I doubt not I shall find it in my power to contribute to your ease of mind, if its uneasiness proceeds from the cause which I suspect.'

Thus called on by such a man, and in a manner so truly noble, you may suppose that I made no scruple to lay before him the state of my affairs.

'Exactly as I imagined,' said he, 'Mr. Vernon is a stranger to your worth; or, if not, has not a soul to set a proper value on it. But if you are willing to adopt a plan I shall lay down for you, you will have no reason to regret his behaviour. I have in Bengal a friend in a very con-

siderable line of business, who wants exactly such a young man as yourself to transact it. He is old, and has no connections but one daughter. In short, if you are disposed to try your fortune in a foreign clime, I doubt not that my recommendation, added to your own exertions, will effect in a few years a very considerable alteration in your affairs.'

'It is impossible,' I replied, 'sir, to thank you as I ought'—and was proceeding, when he interrupted me with—'Say not a word of obligation; I shall be amply repaid if I am made the instrument of good to a worthy character, at the same time that I am rendering an essential service to an old friend, who is in want of such a person to assist him in the close of life to settle his affairs. Take time to consider my proposal, and if you approve it, I will myself furnish you with all necessaries for the voyage, and we will lose no time in the execution of the plan.'

I will not trouble you with further particulars of this interesting conversation, but inform you that I have acceded to the proposal of the generous colonel. Very blind must I have been to my interest if I had not done it; but the doing it has cost me a pang far beyond my power to give you an idea of. I am now going to intrust you with a secret but lately known to myself, a secret which I fear will imbitter all my good fortune. You must know then this mean being, this Vernon, has two sisters half-blood by the father. I could almost say Heaven was unjust to intrust him with such a treasure. Dependent from their infancy on him, his sordid soul makes them feel their dependence, and his uncouth manners daily wound the feelings of two females the most delicate of their sex. I will endeavour to give a description of these lovely girls; but my pen cannot do justice to their minds, whatever it may to their persons.

Maria, the eldest, is in her twenty-third year, tall, and formed by the most exact rules of proportion: her hand and arm are the most delicate, for shape and colour, I ever saw. A grace impossible to describe accompanies every action, and a dignity peculiar to herself adds a double force to that grace. With these advantages of figure, an indifferent face would be dispensed with: but hers is not indifferent; it is in my eye highly pleasing. I am, however, willing to subscribe to the assertion, that beauty is the lover's gift. An uninterested beholder, I believe, would say, that Maria has not a feature in her face more than tolerable, and that her complexion is too pale. Every one, however, must allow that she has very fine auburn hair, which she dresses in a manner extremely becoming. But I will finish my description of her person with a paradox. She is not handsome, she is more; unless you are a lover, you will not comprehend this.

Now for her sister Harriet. Just turned of twenty, considerably shorter than her sister, and stouter: she is notwithstanding a genteel, though not a fine, figure: her manners, though not so elegant as Maria's, are easy and unaffected; and her face would be universally allowed to be handsomer than her sister's. A complexion where the lily and the rose bloom with lustre, is set off by a profusion of dark-brown hair. These beauties, added to a pair of fine dark eyes, cannot but make a pleasing face: but Harriet has more; she has an openness of countenance that prepossesses every one in her favour, and a vivacity tempered by the sweetest modesty imaginable.

So much for the exterior of these two charming girls. Their minds are as different as their features, and

yet it is hard to say which to prefer: my heart, however, has never balanced; it is devoted to Maria, for whom I have conceived the purest sentiments of admiration and love. Mild and gentle as the dove, she possesses an understanding and prudence rarely to be met with; and though Harriet's understanding is equal, and her wit superior, her extreme vivacity and high flow of spirits would frequently hurry her into imprudences if not checked by Maria, from whom a word or a look is always attended to by her with the utmost deference. I will give you one instance which occurred yesterday, that will exemplify my meaning. A box directed for the miss Vernons was left at the house. Maria was out; but Harriet, all impatience to see the contents, opened it—when lo! two masquerade dresses presented themselves, accompanied with a polite note containing colonel Ambrose's compliments to the ladies, and informing them, that having heard them express a wish to see a masquerade, he had procured tickets and dresses for the next, when he hoped they would do him the honour of permitting him to attend them. To describe the joy that shone in every feature of Harriet's face is impossible. She traversed the room, unable to sit still a moment, in a perfect ecstasy. At length Maria returned. The contents of the box were displayed, and the colonel's note read in an instant. She then seated herself opposite her sister, to enjoy the pleasure and surprise she imagined she should discover in her face. Maria, with great composure, took off her gloves, then her cloak, and read over the colonel's note to herself, laid it down, and said—'Pray how long has this box been here?'

'An hour, two or three, for what I know,' replied Harriet peevishly. 'Bless me! is this all the remark you can make? why I have been crazy ever since its arrival. Was there ever such a generous good-natured man as this colonel?'

'Why surely, Harriet,' said Maria, 'you would not think of going to a masquerade with a man you have not known a fortnight! We have, it is true, every reason to think highly of colonel Ambrose, but I conceive it highly improper to put ourselves wholly in his power; to say nothing of the obligation we shall lie under to his generosity, for these masquerades are expensive amusements.'

'Was there ever such a scrupulous girl?' said Harriet; 'why these objections would never have entered my head.'

'I wonder at that,' replied Maria, smiling: 'I dare say, some of the novels you have been studying lately have furnished you with instances of damsels being decoyed away at masquerades; I will appeal to Mr. Wentworth, if'—'Pish! why you had better appeal to old Dorcas. Say at once, shall we accept the colonel's kind offer, or stay at home poring over our work as usual? You are always right in your decisions.'

'Dear Harriet,' said Maria, taking her hand, 'I am much concerned to see you so disappointed; but indeed I conceive it improper to accept his offer at present—when we have been longer acquainted with him we will not be so scrupulous. I may be wrong, but let us err on the right side.'

'But do you think the colonel will accept an excuse?' said Harriet: 'shall we not run the risque of offending him?'

'I think not; but you must second all I say on the occasion.'

'Well, I will if I can.'

'But do you see the propriety of refusing?' said Maria.

'I cannot say I do; but if you think it right, I acquiesce.'

'I had rather you would acquiesce, my dear Harriet, from your own conviction than compliance to my opinion, flattering as that compliance is.'

'Well,' said Harriet, 'I'll think no more of it: manage it as you please.'

I will not enter into more particulars at present, but proceed to inform you, that I never have discovered my passion for my beloved Maria. The motive which hath withheld me has been this: I am not in a situation to marry, and shall I endeavour to gain a woman's affections, and fetter her by engagements I shall most likely never have it in my power to fulfil? Miss Vernon will probably meet with good offers, and surely I do not shew my love by wishing to attach her to myself, when ruin must be the consequence of that attachment. No: I will forget her; I will fly from the house while I have resolution to fly. A thousand times have I made this resolution, but I have found myself as it were chained to the spot. The struggle I have maintained in forbearing to declare my passion can only be conceived by those in like circumstances. Judge then my feelings when acceding to the colonel's proposal. I tear myself from all the hopes of ever possessing the dear Maria. I might, however, previous to my departure, declare my sentiments, and receive my fate from her own lips. Would you, my dear friend, advise this measure? I have informed Mr. Vernon of my intentions of quitting him, but have not had resolution to mention it to the ladies. The agitation of mind I now labour under is extreme; I can come to no determination, but your opinion shall confirm me. In the hope you will ere long favour me with it,

I remain,
Dear Johnson, yours sincerely,
CHARLES WENTWORTH.

The colonel has been here ten days, but he appears to me heartily tired of Mr. Vernon's society. He intends taking lodgings till he can fix on a country residence.

LETTER VI.

Miss West to Miss Harriet Vernon.

THANKS, my dear Harriet, for your two last letters, which have afforded my mother and me much entertainment. Pray, my dear, continue to favour us with more of them; I say *us*, for I know you will have no objection to my mother's seeing all you write. We have had as dull a winter here as you describe to have had in town, with this difference, that our slender income obliges us to live retired, whilst your artificial poverty prevents your partaking in any amusement attended with expence. And pray where is the difference between possessing wealth for no other purpose than locking it up, and the absolute want of it? The difference, indeed, taken in a moral view, is great; but it is truly astonishing to me how any one can love money for its own sake alone. Finding that with economy we might live comfortably, we gave up the school about nine months since, as I informed you, and took a small house more out of the village. The fatigue of a school is too great for my mother, whose health very much declines, although she has been obliged to follow that mode of livelihood ever since my father's death, which

is now fourteen years. So much for our affairs.—I observe what you say respecting your sister and Mr. Wentworth; it does not surprise me; an amiable young man and woman living together usually produces an attachment: but if your conjecture is right, I own I am sorry, as there is little comfort to be expected in a marriage where there is a lack of money on both sides; unless, indeed, your brother could be prevailed on to draw his purse-strings, which, from your account of his disposition, I fear is not likely. Prudence cannot always direct in the choice of a lover; but it is surely in our power to conquer an imprudent passion, though we may not be able to transfer our affections to another. You give such pleasing outlines of this colonel, that I wish to my heart he may fall in love with one of you. What say you, Harriet? If he is the man you describe, I think you will not have his company long, unless he is attracted by other motives than your brother's society. I shall judge by the length of his visit how this matter stands.

I fear I shall not be able to visit you next winter; my mother's ill health and recluse life will make my leaving her improper. This I know you will deem a sufficient reason. But it is time enough to talk of this. I suppose you will, before the summer is over, pay your cousin Wilson a visit. You have promised to give me a description of that lady, who I conceive to be a strange character. I hear she has lately taken to herself a third husband; a young man too. O avarice! what sacrifices are daily making at thy shrine! I smile at your romantic notions, as you well call them, of love; I, however, wish you to continue them for the present: it is time enough for you to be convinced that a man may be worthy your hand that would neither hang or drown himself at the refusal of it. I wish you, however, to engage in more important studies than those you mention. My mother says she will allow you no novels but Richardson's, and a very few besides. I think a well-disposed mind would not be hurt by many of our modern novels, but they certainly should not be made our chief study: more useful and instructive authors should claim our first attention. When I write to you I take the privilege of advising: you know I am five years older, and have seen more of the world than yourself; added to this, I love you, and that alone will be a sufficient excuse for the liberty I take.

My mother joins me in love to Maria, from whom she hopes to hear shortly; as for me, I suppose I am not to expect that honour. I hope you will make up for the deficiences. Nothing short of seeing my dear Harriet can equal the pleasure her letters at all times afford her ever affectionate friend,

SUSAN WEST.

(To be continued.)

THE DOWNHILL OF LIFE.

A VISION.

'He that first sins, like him that treads on ice,
Slides cautious down the slippery paths of vice;
He slides on cautious till, his fears got o'er,
He slides on swiftly, and looks back no more.'

DRYDEN.

SITTING one cold and gloomy day by the fire-side, revolving the many moving accidents and hair-breadth 'scapes human nature is liable to, Morpheus gently touched

my eyelids with his ebon wand, and presented the following vision to 'my mind's eye.'

Methought I stood on an exceeding high hill. A plain but elegant structure rose before me, from which issued hundreds of youth of both sexes: they were just emancipated from the restrictions of their governors, and 'gay hope was theirs, by fancy dressed.' On each side of the porch stood two women of uncommon height and beauty; the name of the one was Virtue, the other was called Religion. At parting, Virtue embraced her pupils, and cautioned them to treasure in their memory the lessons she had inculcated. Religion also presented each with a thick volume, which she commanded them to peruse with the utmost diligence, nor suffer a day to elapse without consulting its holy pages. 'This book,' continued Religion, 'is an unerring guide: if you follow its instructions you can never deviate; it will be your counsellor in difficulties, your support in danger, your comfort in sickness, your triumph in death, and your sure passport to immortal happiness.' All promised to remember the many kind lessons of their first instructors, and began their journey with alacrity.

The road, for the first few miles, appeared most charming. It was an easy declivity of green, embroidered with fragrant flowers of the most vivid colours, and intersected with pleasant cool springs. The sun shone uncommonly bright; the birds sung melodiously; every face wore the smile of expectation, every eye beamed with rapturous hope. But after a while the way became less pleasant; the descent was steep, and in many places exceedingly dangerous. Many stumbled and fell, and rose no more. Others, affrighted at the horrid prospect, and dispirited at the sudden reverse, threw themselves down the precipice, and were dashed to pieces.

One charming maid I observed walk alone, with sober pace, over the enamelled lawn. Her face was dazzlingly beautiful, and the symmetry of her person exquisite; her fine arms clasped to her lovely bosom the volume given her by Religion. She had been less elated by the pleasures of the first part of the journey, and appeared less depressed by the disagreeable reverse than most of her companions. When her feet became defiled with the dust and dirt of the way, or torn by the rugged stones which in many places stuck up with sharp points, she would stop, and, washing them with her tears, dry them with the redundant tresses of her golden hair, and after reading a little in her book proceed with an air of contentment and cheerfulness. While so engaged, she frequently became the object of derision to the passers by: but their sarcasms had no effect on the mind of Innocence (for that was the maiden's name). I observed, that she was particularly careful to preserve her garments free from soil; they were white, and spotless as the unsullied snow. After descending for some time with much toil and care, a pipe and tabor struck on her ear: she looked on one side, and in a green lane beheld several lovely shepherdesses with their swains dancing, while their flocks peacefully grazed by their side. The scene appeared at once cheerful and innocent. She stood for a moment irresolute whether to enter this charming place, or pursue the rugged but straight-forward path. While she deliberated, a youth of an engaging figure approached, and desired her to join the happy dancers. Innocence, without answering, opened her book and read, 'Flee youthful lusts.' She imme-

diately turned her back, and again began to descend. The youth followed, imploring her to stop. Innocence turned her head, and, pleased with the beauty of her pursuer, did as she was desired. Now whether it was owing to the impetuosity of the youth or to the slippery ground on which she stood I know not, but poor Innocence fell! The beautiful robe, which had been preserved with so much care spotless, was contaminated by the filth of the place (for it happened on a very dirty spot). Her exertions joined to those of her companions were ineffectual to remove the stains; they remained indelible. From that time, she appeared more anxious to conceal the spots already acquired than careful of adding more.

The youth, whose name was Manfredo, led Innocence to a neat handsome building by the road side, where they were joined together by a small but very strong link of gold. Innocence here lost her name, and was afterwards distinguished by that of Matena.

One thing surprised me much. Manfredo, though he had been very assiduous to repair the soiled robe of Innocence, and had seemed much distressed at her misfortune, now, as they journeyed together, would frequently hold up the spots to Matena's view, when nobody was near. This I thought very ungenerous, as it was entirely his fault that it became soiled; and it so much incensed Matena, that she rushed to the house of Vanity, which stood a little on the left-hand out of the way, and there purchased a changeable robe of Fashion, who was the journeywoman of Vanity. Attired in this, her bosom bare to the sighing gale, her long golden hair braided with gems, she came forth a most sparkling figure, and attracted the eyes of her fellow-travellers, to the evident dissatisfaction of Manfredo. The way too became particularly laborious and disagreeable. Matena, wholly occupied in admiring the elegance of her appearance, and watching the admiration it excited, heeded not her footsteps, but frequently stumbled, and received serious hurt by her falls, yet acquired no caution by her misfortunes, though hundreds who walked by her side, with their eyes fixed on distant objects, suddenly fell into some small chasms in the earth, were covered up, and seen no more. Manfredo and Matena appeared totally unconscious of their fate, though they knew not but the next step might participate them also in one of those unobserved pits. They were entirely occupied in devising means to lengthen the golden link which bound them, that they might roam at greater distance from each other. They had collected a quantity of gilt copper, and formed a kind of chain; and as it allowed a greater latitude for their several fancies, and as they had contrived to cover the copper with a few sickly flowers, they were satisfied, and imagined that the cheat would pass on others. Thus they proceeded till they had reached about the middle of the descent, when the whole attention of Manfredo became riveted on a number of beautiful nymphs dancing in the shade to the most delightful airs, with matchless grace and spirit. His heart panted to be with them: he cast a look on Matena—she observed him, and with one bound he sprang over the hedge, and was received in the arms of the smiling nymphs. Matena, without immediately observing the departure of her companion, walked on till she arrived at a most sumptuous palace. The air was perfumed with aromatics. Magnificent fountains cast up little rivers of the clearest waters to the sky, that were

again received in large basons of virgin marble. Bowers of full-blown roses, myrtle, and jasmine elegantly entwined, invited the feet of the weary traveller to rest, while the luxurious grape, the blushing orange, the fragrant musk-melon, which hung on all sides, promised a refreshing and delicious repast. The doors of this enchanting palace were of massy silver, and stood wide open. The softest music, accompanied by the most exquisite voices, was heard; and between every house the gay laugh of mirth resounded through the high-arched roof. Matena turned round, intending to consult with Manfredo whether they should enter this charming place, as the open door seemed to invite. She was surprised at his absence, but the grief she would have experienced at his desertion at any other time was now superseded by her curiosity; and she determined to enter, not doubting but when Manfredo should arrive there he also would enter, and find her in the charming palace.

The resolution was no sooner formed than adopted; but in her haste to enter, she dropped the volume given her by Religion, which hitherto she had preserved with so much care, and which had formerly been such a comfort to her. Unconscious of her loss, she eagerly pressed forward to view the interior of a palace, of which the smallest appendage denoted splendour and elegance beyond imagination. In a magnificent saloon, she beheld a sparkling company of youth of both sexes. Some were dancing, others were singing the songs of mirth, and all were amusing themselves in whatever took their fancy, and indulging the whim of the moment, however absurd. They received Matena with shouts of welcome, inviting her to partake of their amusement. The unthinking Matena complied, and entered with spirit into all their diversions. Yet often would her mind wander back to the path of duty she had quitted; often would the sigh of regret agitate her bosom, on recollecting that the rugged path must yet be trodden, in spite of delays and procrastination; and that the time she was then so idly wasting, so foolishly misapplying, would one day be required at her hands with a terrible exactitude; when no excuses would be accepted, no palliations allowed. She would often rise to depart, but as instantly reseat herself. The pleasures which surrounded her appeared too great, too various, to quit suddenly and voluntarily, and she promised that the morrow should witness her departure. To-morrow came and went, yet Matena still lingered in the shades of pleasure.

One evening, after a day spent in voluptuous gratification, Matena retired with a youth who had been her partner in the festive dance to a close arbour of eglantine and tuberoses. The moon cast a soft light on the surrounding orangery; the dashing of a distant water-fall soothed the ear of night; while Matena, her soul enervated by tumultuous pleasures, sat leaning her head on the treacherous bosom of her companion, listening with guilty attention to his false blandishments; when suddenly Manfredo stood before them, his face inflamed with passion. With one strong effort he broke the chain which united them, and tauntingly throwing the gilt part at the weeping Matena, himself retaining the golden, departed from her for ever. Poor Matena, left alone (for her gay companions had all fled on the first appearance of danger), was wholly absorpt in the deepest melancholy. She shed the bitter tears of poignant regret, and gave way to the torturing sighs of despair. The moon became obscured by black clouds, the thunder roared,

the lightning quivered on the ground, and the heavens poured down rivers on the weeping, the exposed, the miserable, despairing Matena.

At last, morning appeared. Matena arose from the ground, and, casting a fearful glance around, beheld the late beautiful prospect laid waste —the blooming honours of the grove scattered, and the lofty pine of the forest laid low. With a hurried trembling step she left the bowers of pleasure, nor stopped till she had gained the straight-forward path of duty.

But, alas! the cheerful alacrity with which she had once trod this path was gone for ever! Self-upbraidings and conscious guilt corroded her inmost soul, and embittered every moment of her existence. Did a shady bower invite her to rest her weary feet, she entered it but to weep, and was soon obliged to hurry onwards, to regain the time wasted in the palace of dissipation. The book given her by Religion would on those occasions have been a seasonable relief, but that she had lost. Affliction presented her a black robe; and clothed in this, without a single companion but her own sad thoughts, she descended the remainder of the hill. Her feet became weak, and often lacerated by the rugged way— when she suddenly arrived at a black river, whose sullen waves laved the bottom of the hill. Over this river was no bridge—and Matena sat down on its gloomy banks, patiently to await the hour when the waves should rise and sweep her from the land of sorrow. While she sat weeping, a bright cloud descended, and Religion again stood before her pupil. She looked with compassion on the miserable Matena: her eye beamed pity, and in her hand she bore the volume formerly disregarded by Matena. From its sacred page she reproved, she exhorted, she comforted the fainting spirit of Matena, who at her command cheerfully approached the brink of the black river, and, while she fixed her eyes on her beloved monitor, the river suddenly rose, and its oblivious waters closeing over her, she was lost to my sight! 'Alas! child of sorrow,' I exclaimed aloud, 'is this the end of thy painful journey, and that horrid river the termination of thy troubles? Surely, in spite of thine errors, thy repentence deserved a better fate.'

Religion turned on me a reproving eye. 'Forbear, rash mortal,' said she, 'to measure infinite wisdom by finite. The child of sin and sorrow is at rest.' But Matena had been taught that the first false step can never be retrieved. Yet she turned aside to contemplate forbidden pleasures; and though she regained the path of duty, and set her hand to the plough, yet she looked back with a desiring eye. She stopped when she ought to have *run*, and suffered the destroyer to overtake her. She selected a partner from the sons of disobedience. She became enamoured of Vanity, and allied herself to perdition. She forsook the paths of wisdom, and forgot the law of her God. But she was not permitted to perish, as many do, in the palace of pleasure, or bowers of dissipation. The thunder mercifully awoke her from her dream of fancied happiness, and warned her of the danger of procrastination. The rest of the way was watered by the tears of repentance; but happy was Matena that she had time allowed her to repent. Her errors were many, her sins flagrant; but Heaven was merciful, and she is now enjoying that pure felicity which kingdoms cannot purchase nor mortals merit, but which is freely given to the child of repentance. Religion then touched my eyes with her finger, and the thick mist which

enveloped the river cleared up. I saw Matena rising from its black waves, renovated in youth and beauty. The robe of innocence again covered her shoulders, and floated in many a graceful fold around her feet. On her head was a crown of gold, sparkling as the morning star. A thousand harmonious voices hailed her arrival; a thousand bright forms with golden harps rejoiced over her, and bore her with songs of triumph to the throne of the Most High, as a sinner who had repented of the errors of her ways.

The glory was too strong for my weak sight: I awoke, and found myself sitting in my arm-chair by a cheerful blazing fire.

SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

January 8, 1807.
Homerton.

FAMILY ANECDOTES.

By SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

(*Continued from p.* 13.)

CHAP. XVI.

> Strange things, the neighbours say, have happened here:
> Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
> Dead men have come again and walked about,
> And the great bell has toll'd unrung, untouched.
> BLAIR.

POOR Sabina, left alone in the wide world, without a single relation or friend to guide her inexperience, or from whom she could expect support, felt all the horror of her comfortless situation. But she was assured that her beloved suffering mother was at length happy; and that assurance was balm to her affectionate heart. There were moments when her own forlorn state was forgotten, in the contemplation of the felicity her adored mother was enjoying.—Yet, when she turned her eyes on the pale corse, and thought on the home that mother's presence used to irradiate, remembrance swelled her breast, and tears would force their way.

In conformity to Mrs. Gayton's desire, her mortal part was interred in N—— church-yard, being the parish in which she died. Sabina and Mrs. Smith attended as true mourners on the melancholy occasion, and saw her hallowed remains peaceably laid under the wide-spreading branches of a weeping willow.

The deep, the tender sorrow, yet pious resignation, of the interesting orphan, affected the matronal bosom of the friendly Mrs. Smith. She sympathised with her in her sorrows, and fondly loved her, from a knowledge of her many amiable qualities as a daughter.

Mrs. Smith was a widow; her only son had perished in the field of battle, bravely fighting for his country. She possessed a small farm, which, with the best management and strictest economy, hardly afforded her the means of living. She had learned to pity the woes of her fellow-creatures, for she had tasted sorrow herself. She advised Sabina to settle with the apothecary and undertaker, if her purse would allow; to go to Crediton, and settle her affairs there; 'and then,' added the worthy woman, 'if no better a home offers, my dear child, return to me; for while I have a roof that roof shall shelter you, that's all!'

Sabina thanked her for her kindness, and followed her advice. The apothecary's bill, for medicine and attendance, amounted to sixteen pounds, and the undertaker's to twelve. The whole contents of Sabina's purse was thirty pounds. Of course, when those bills were paid, there only remained two pounds; a sum very inadequate for a journey.

She therefore determined, after much irresolution, to sell the gold watch presented to her by Gordon. Taking it in her hand to her kind hostess, 'I am sorry,' said she, 'but it must be so: endeavour, my dear Mrs. Smith, to find a purchaser for this present of my brother's; he will forgive me, when he shall hear how hard run I was before I would part with this token of his brotherly affection.'

'You shall not part with it, my sweet child. I have not much money myself, but I will carry it to my landlord, who is a worthy man, and I dare say will advance you what you have need of on it, and when my corn is sold, I will redeem it—that's all.'

The next morning the good creature brought Sabina ten guineas on her watch, but held back both her hands when she was offered a part. Sabina inherited the spirit of her mother, and wrapping up five guineas in a piece of white paper, left them in the drawer of a little table which stood in her chamber, as some recompense for the kind attention of the good woman to herself and her mother.

When she bade the worthy Smith adieu, her sorrows seemed to accumulate with fresh violence. With a heart overwhelmed with sorrow, a small parcel of her mother's clothes (which, being black, she wore), and a green silk purse of her sister's knitting, containing seven guineas—she stepped into the stage which passed within four miles of Crediton. The coach passed the church-yard of N——. She caught a momentary glance of the drooping willow, and her tears were redoubled.

The journey was completed without accident; but when the stage stopped to set her down at a style, over which, across the fields, was her nearest way to Crediton, the agitation of Sabina became excessive. She paid the coachman, who, mounting his box, was soon out of sight: then seating herself on the stile, with her little bundle in her hand, she gave ease to her oppressed heart by a flood of tears. The hour was eight; 'day's garish eye' was fast closing; the yellow leaves were undisturbed by the gentlest zephyr; not a sound broke on her pensive ear but the 'sullen roar' of a distant waterfall. The desolate Sabina looked around: every object was familiar to her eye, and forcibly reminded her of her beloved mother. She arose from her humble seat, and slowly proceeded towards that home which she longed, yet dreaded, to behold. As she walked on, the heat became extreme, and the black gathering clouds denoted an approaching thunder-storm, so common after a warm day in autumn. Sabina redoubled her pace, and came in sight of the white cottage as the first thunder-clap burst over her head. She passed through the little rustic gate, which stood open, but the inner door and all the windows in front were fast closed. Sabina was not surprised, as the hour was near ten; and being unwilling to disturb old Martha, she walked round to the garden front. The little glass parlour door was seldom fastened but with a latch. This she found unlocked; and entering the well-remembered parlour, threw herself on a chair. A vivid and continued flash of lightning discovered her mother's frame and chair. Sabina sighed. Another momentary illumination filled the apartment—the picture of her father caught her eye. The thunder following this flash was so loud, so awful, that it shook the cottage to its foundation. Sabina started from her seat.—'Spirit of my sainted mother,' cried the affrighted girl, 'hover near me, and in this

horrid night guard thy wretched offspring from real and imaginary terrors! In life, dear mother, thou wert my beloved monitress; though dead, be thou my guardian angel!'

A heavy groan at no great distance startled her: she listened attentively: all remained profoundly silent, till the next peal of thunder rattled through the atmosphere. Sabina had been taught to disregard the idle tales of the villagers concerning their cottage being haunted, yet she was sure she had heard a groan.

A sudden thought struck her.—'Oh my poor Martha!' cried she; 'perhaps you are ill, and want help.' She flew to the stairs, which she ascended with caution. She listened at the door of the room occupied by that faithful domestic: all within was 'hush as the foot of night.' She tried the door: it was fastened. Undetermined how to act, she at last resolved to go to her mother's chamber, and wait the approach of morning.

As she opened the door of the room, its air seemed to affect her. She could distinguish the bed by its white drapery, amid the gloom of the chamber. 'Would to God,' said she, 'my mother, still living, reposed there! how gladly would she open her kind arms to receive her weary child!'

As she spoke, she threw herself on her knees by the bed-side; but what pen can describe her horror when, as she raised her hands in prayer to Heaven for strength of mind and resignation to its will, an icy hand encountered hers, and, by its freezing touch, chilled her whole frame! She started on her feet—drops of terror stood on her brow—her head swam, and she was only prevented from fainting by extreme horror. The apartment was one moment enveloped in the thickest gloom, the next perfectly illuminated by the most awful lightning. Sabina did not dare take advantage of those momentary flashes to look on the bed, and had still less power to fly. 'Yet why, O why,' said she, 'should terror so wholly possess me? I never injured any one: and if my dear mother's spirit is permitted to appear to me, why should I dread to behold it? I am sure *that* will not hurt me.' She offered up a short ejaculation to that Power to whose piercing eye the gloom of midnight and the blaze of noon are alike, and awaited in awful expectation the next flash to illumine the mysterious bed. She did not remain long in suspense: a transient but strong one discovered to her aching sight an object which put to flight the little courage she had acquired. A human face, from whose colourless lip and cheek the healthful blood had long ceased to flow, appeared on the pillow. Sabina flew from this chamber of horror, and from the house, with precipitation. Any place, any scene, was less terrific than the one she was quitting. The thunder, though it still rolled at a distance, was abating; no rain had fallen, and the rising wind was clearing the air of its murky thickness. Poor Sabina seated herself beneath the shelter of an apple-tree, and revolved with terror and amazement the adventures of the last few hours. Every tale she had heard in the village was recollected, and most religiously believed. 'Ah! my dear mother! and did you endure those horrors in your chamber?' said she. 'No wonder your bloom faded: no wonder your spirits were broken.—But perhaps the dreadful spectre was not permitted to alarm a heart so pure as yours by its horrid appearance.'

Lost in those reflections, she sat till the storm had wholly abated, and the moon arose in cloudless majesty. The night air had chilled her, and

to prevent cold she determined to walk till morning amid those sweetly shaded walks, where in the morning of life she had with her beloved Mary so often gamboled by her parent's side.

She heeded not the path nor surrounding objects, till, suddenly lifting up her eyes, she beheld, at a short distance from her, the marble monument erected by her mother to the memory of Mrs. Benson. With amazement too she beheld a tall graceful figure, clothed in white, bend over the tomb. Its face was concealed by its arms, which encircled the urn. Again the most superstitious ideas took possession of Sabina. The moon afforded but a partial light through the thick branches of the lofty trees, yet she could clearly distinguish the motions of the figure, which were light and graceful. The profound sighs and half stifled groans which issued from it appalled the soul of Sabina, who stood fixed as though her feet had been rivetted to the spot. But greatly was her terror increased when the spectre, after remaining for some time in one position, suddenly raised its head, turned round, and, on beholding Sabina, darted with astonishing velocity towards her. Sabina uttered a piercing cry, and fled; but the seeming phantom gained upon her footsteps. As she was sinking to the ground with terror, she was clasped to the bosom of—her long-lost Mary!

'Fly me not, Sabina—pity me, my sister. I have murdered my mother—I have destroyed the best of women. A parricide, a wretch, a cursed!—no wonder my sister beholds me with horror!'

Mary threw herself on the ground, in a paroxysm of grief. 'Ah, my dear Mary!' cried Sabina in a tremulous voice, 'pardon me; the horrors of this night have unsettled, fear, my weak reason. I even took you, my sister, for a preternatural being. How long have you been at Crediton?'

'I arrived but this afternoon, my dear girl. After my long silence, and fearing my mother might have been displeased with me, I went first to our old friend Mrs. Westwood, thinking to hear a little news about the dear cottage before I presented myself to its beloved inhabitants: but she has married a harsh unfeeling wretch, who told me I had murdered my mother, and his wife should not harbour me, nor any such. Shocked and surprised at his behaviour, I turned from his inhospitable door, but had not crossed the field when poor Jane overtook me.—"Ah! my dear young lady," said she, "what sad changes have happened here since you left us! You see what a brute I have got now; you see how unlike my poor dear Westwood: he would not have turned you from his door; though you have done wrong, as well as I, God help us both! But you know if we always did right we should never do wrong.' 'But Jane,' cried I, 'what does he mean by mentioning my mother to me? I hope she is well—I hope she has not fretted for such a worthless girl as me!' The worthy creature burst into a flood of tears—"Your good mother is dead." O Sabina, what were my sensations at hearing those fatal words! You can never know such, for you have ever been dutiful and obedient.'

She said you had written to old Martha, informing her of her lady's death, but had not mentioned a time for your return. Poor Martha was insensible to the heavy news, being then speechless; and that worthy faithful woman expired yesterday. Her sister-in-law performed the last pious office of closing her eyes, and, after washing the body, laid it on her late mistress's bed; and there was

obliged to leave it and return home, as her brute of a husband would not suffer her to remain any longer.'

'Oh Heaven!' cried Sabina, 'then it was the harmless hand of our dear Martha which terrified me so much that I could not remember her features, as I snatched a look at her clay-cold countenance.'—She then informed Mary of the horrors she had endured, of the groan she had heard. 'Alas!' interrupted her sister, 'that groan was breathed by me: little did I think my Sabina was so near me. Jane had offered me the keys of our cottage, which I declined taking, and walked on to farmer Wellingbrough's, intending to stay there the night; but my reception was so exceedingly cold, and so many inuendos were levelled at me, that I soon wished them a good night, and they seemed glad to see me depart, never asking me to stop, though you must remember what a favourite I once was there: indeed I was shocked, and determined to enter no other house, but to pass the night in the deserted melancholy shades of our dear cottage garden. I passed the parlour door, which opens on the little lawn behind the house. Bitter recollections crowded to my memory, and caused the groan which alarmed my Sabina. I dared not enter the parlour: guilt makes cowards of the bravest. I knew the corse of poor Martha lay on my mother's bed. I knew her love for her murdered mistress, and should almost have expected to see her rise and forbid my approach. I turned from the house, and sought the monument my mother loved. There, Sabina, my emotions rose almost to phrensy: despair and horror possessed my soul. Heaven surely sent you to save me from madness and death.'—Her eyes glared, her limbs trembled. Poor Sabina, little less terrified than when she thought her superhuman—wanting comfort herself, yet wishing to calm the agitation of her guilty sister—exerted her soothing powers, and at length succeeded in persuading her to retire to the house, and endeavour to compose her spirits.

The morning was breaking, and the sun rising with unusual splendour after the late storm, as these children of sorrow crossed the lawn to enter that house which for many years had been their happy asylum, but which a few eventful months had changed to the house of mourning—the residence of death!

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT WALK

IN FEBRUARY.

By J. M. L.

'The shadowy veil of night enwraps the scene;
No moon-beam cheers the trav'ller on his way.
Loud howls the storm yon aged oaks between,
Where brooding Horror seems to hold his sway.

Author's Manuscript Poems.

A WALK at night in the dismal month of February could not possibly be productive of much pleasure. The ground was exceedingly wet, owing to preceding rains; and as I went the sharp-falling shower was impelled in my face by as heavy a gale of wind as I almost ever remember. It was, indeed, a night when Horror might be truly said to hold his sway. The leafless trees were bent almost to the ground by the violence of the storm; and, had not necessity compelled me, I should certainly have preferred the comforts of a house to the uncomfortableness of the tempest. But I was well defended from the bitterness of the blast by good

cloathing. Alas! how many thousands at the same moment were exposed to the same storm with scarcely enough of dress to answer decency's demands, certainly not enough to defend their squalid forms from the keen air of winter: and when they seek their miserable habitations, penury, cheerless penury, still stares them in the face, whilst not a smile welcomes them home. The following description is, alas! too often true.

' See yonder shiv'ring wretch so meanly clad,
The pallid son of penury and pain;
Whose lodging shelters not, whose food is bad;
Food hardly earn'd! for small the poor man's gain:
Alas! too oft his famish'd offspring claim
The promis'd bread he has not got to give;
Though poor, perchance he scorns the bread of shame,
And rather dares to die than so to live!
The only fire his humble hearth can boast
The scanty produce of the neighb'ring street,
Glean'd by his children, some few chips at most.
These are the woes sad want is doom'd to meet!'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

As I walked, my mind insensibly caught the gloom of the season, and reverted to the many calamities which the unfortunate campaign, at the close of last year, had produced to the wretched inhabitants of the continent of Europe. Oh Heaven! of thy infinite mercy, long avert such dreadful scenes from the fair vales of my beloved country! Long grant us to be an example to the whole world of unanimity and patriotism! These ideas brought to my recollection the celebrated soliloquy of Selim in the play of Barbarossa, at the end of the third act, when the conspirators and himself have determined on the destruction of the tyrant.

' Now sleep and silence
Brood o'er the city.—The devoted centinel
Now takes his lonely stand, and idly dreams
Of that to-morrow he shall never see!
In this dread interval, oh, busy thought,
Descend into thyself!
Search deep my heart! bring with thee awful conscience,
And firm resolve! That in the approaching hour
Of blood and horror, I may stand unmov'd;
Nor fear to strike where justice calls, nor dare
To strike where she forbids!
Witness ye pow'rs of Heaven,
That not from you, but from the murderer's eye,
I wrap myself in night! To you I stand
Reveal'd in noon-tide day!—Oh! could I arm
My hand with pow'r! Then, like to you, array'd
In storm and fire, my swift-avenging thunder
Should blast this tyrant. But since fate denies
That privilege, I'll seize on what it gives;
Like the deep-cavern'd earthquake, burst beneath him,
And whelm his throne, his empire, and himself,
In one prodigious ruin!'

I proceeded hastily along. Neither moon nor stars afforded a single ray to guide me in my way; no sound cheered me, save the dreary bark of a distant dog;

' Or where from yon' ancient tower,
Perch'd on ivy-tangled throne,
Breaking through night's silent hour,
Wisdom's bird repeats her moan.'

As I went, the violence of the gale rather increased; and, as is very natural in such cases, my ideas wandered to the scene of shipwreck. How superlatively awful must be the situation of men in a night like this, confined to the fragile vessel that bears them on the deep; every thread of canvas taken in; the helm totally useless; whilst the tempest drives them over the surgy surface of the ocean, and horror pictures to their fevered minds the rock that they every instant expect will burst the vessel's bottom; the only defence, and small it is, that now intervenes between them and eternity! To that Power who suffers not a sparrow to perish without his will offer up

your fervent prayers; his arm alone can save you.

Thus imagination mournfully beguil'd my way:
Imagination! ever-varying pow'r!
Receive the tribute of a thoughtful mind;
Thou, who canst add to horror's awful hour,
Or make thy vot'ry pleasing moments find.

When anguish bids the nightly mourner weep,
'Tis thine to shew to sorrow's streaming eye
The seaman, storm-driv'n on the surgy deep;
Whilst fancy hears his last sad ship-wreck'd cry.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

How suited methought was such a night as this to the being overwhelmed with misery! every thing was in unison with the ideas one may suppose predominant in such a mind.

'No bird of night now ventur'd on the wing,
Nor prowling animal dar'd wander forth.
Nature appear'd to feel the season's sting,
And droop'd beneath the venom-winged North.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

Too true, alas! it is, that when despair has grasped the soul of man, he finds a gloomy pleasure in what, at a time when his mind was the abode of peace, would have caused him to shudder;

'For the sad mind where sorrow rule supreme
Will find the storm congenial to its doom:
The darkest night despair will ever deem
Light, when compar'd with grief's heart-rending gloom.
The pensive wand'rer dearly loves to stray,
When night and solitude attend his way.'

Author's Manuscript Poems.

A late pensive authoress, Mrs. Charlotte Smith now gone to seek in a better world the justice denied to her in this, has in many of her sonnets described night-scenes like the present, mournfully yet beautifully: one that now occurs to my remembrance will, I am confident, need no apology.

'SONNET.

'*On being cautioned against walking on a head-land overlooking the sea, because it was frequented by a lunatic.*

'Is there a solitary wretch who hies
To the tall cliff, with starting pace, or slow,
And, measuring, views, with wild and hollow eyes,
Its distance from the waves that chide below;
'Who, as the sea-born gale, with frequent sighs,
Chills his cold bed upon the mountain turf,
With hoarse half-utter'd lamentation lies,
Murmuring responses to the dashing surf?
'In moody sadness, on the giddy brink,
I see him more with envy than with fear:
He has no *nice felicities*, that shrink
From giant horrors wildly warring there.
He seems (uncurs'd with reason) not to know
The depth or the duration of his woe.'

I now reached the outskirts of London; for the metropolis was at this time my resting-place, and the buildings in some degree sheltered me from the blast. It was late, and the streets were comparatively empty. Here and there a drowsy watchman going his round, and sleepily mumbling out the hour, in a tone that set at defiance every attempt to discover what he said; or a wretched, outcast female, in drenched garments, wandering about, scarcely seeming to know or care whither, and whose shocking appearance must rather tend to dispel than to excite the impulse it was her horrid profession to stimulate. Oh woman! lovely solacer of the hours of man! how is the mind affected by seeing thee in this degraded situation! Alas! my pen seems to shudder as I write, to this thou art almost always brought by the baseness of my own sex. Dishonoured be the memory of that man, who, by plausible pretences, draws a lovely female into ruin, and then casts the withering blossom from his polluted arms, to seek

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Fashionable Evening & full Dress

refuge in death, or what is worse, in prostitution.

'On the cold stone see her laid!
Ellen, once a village maid,
Artless, young, and fair!
Anguish rends her bleeding soul;
Peace has lost its soft controul,
Terror triumphs there!

'Beauty in fair Ellen shone;
Each attendant pleasure known
Bade her heart be gay;
But it prov'd her saddest bane:
Guilty love has caus'd her pain,
And torn her peace away!

'Long in prostitution's course,
Of grief and dire disease the source,
Fair Ellen's form was driv'n:
Death, whom oft she doth implore,
Soon will bid her mourn no more!
Forgive her, righteous Heav'n!'

I soon reached my house of rest, completely wet through. Alas! I am a *solitary bachelor!* I had no expecting wife to welcome me; no lovely offspring, wrapped in rosy sleep, over whose bed I could glance the eye of tenderness. If all these things had been mine, the concluding lines of Bloomfield's pleasing poem, 'Market Night,' might at this moment have been very applicable to me; except that I was on foot, and the good Benedick, in that instance, on horseback.

'Where have you staid? put down your load.
How have you borne the storm, the cold?
What horrors did I not forebode.—
That beast is worth his weight in gold.'

Thus spoke the joyful wife;—then ran
And hid in grateful steams her head—
Dapple was hous'd, the hungry man
With joy glanc'd o'er the children's bed.

'What, all asleep!—so best;' he cried:
'Oh! what a night I've travell'd through!
Unseen, unheard, I might have died:
But Heav'n has brought me safe to you.

'Dear partner of my nights and days,
That smile becomes thee!—Let us then
Learn, though mishap may cross our ways,
It is not ours to reckon when!'

As it was, I made the best I could of it, and as I was stepping into bed apostrophised my *Night-cap*, in some lines I had long ago addressed to that very serviceable little friend.

'How oft, with satisfaction's smile,
When tir'd with wand'ring many a mile,
I've welcom'd thee with pleasure;
And when fatigu'd with life's rough storm,
Thy friendly solace oft would warm,
And prove a poet's treasure.

Thy form shall clasp my aching head
When anguish hovers round my bed,
And bid my sorrows slumber:
But virtue must preside within,
For sleep avoids the soul, where sin
The conscience doth encumber.

'It matters not of what thou'rt made,
Of humblest yarn, or rich brocade,
If peace the mind possesses;
For vice on down shall not be blest,
But virtue sink to sweetest rest,
Though straw alone it presses.'

LONDON FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving, elegantly coloured.)

1. BODY and petticoat of white thin satin, with sleeves of the same laid in plaits, and the body to correspond: the sleeves are trimmed with fine white silk lace, or swans-down: over the whole a Turkish vest of brown muslin or crape, without sleeves: a satin ribbon of the same colour runs all round the vest, at a little distance from the edges: cap of crimson velvet, made in the Austrian style, ornamented with a narrow silver trimming, and terminating in a point, with a silver tassel on the right side. Hair dressed plain in front, with a few spiral curls on the left side. White kid shoes and gloves.

2. An Italian robe of blue muslin or crape, the sleeves and front trimmed with white satin ribbon, and ornamented with fancy broaches: the robe trimmed all round with a broad white satin ribbon: cap of white satin, intermixed with lace footing, and trimmed with narrow shaded ribbon, and a plaiting of net round the front. Indian scarf shawl, fastened to the back of the robe by

a broach, and hanging down in front. Hair dressed as above described.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

KERSEYMERE dresses, of a silver grey, are now much worn: they have square lapels and black velvet collars, with a deep cape *à la pelerine*. The vandyke frill plaited *à la queen Elizabeth* is almost general. Hunting bonnets similar to the kerseymere dresses, and bound with black velvet, bows and ends in front trimmed to correspond, are in great vogue. The hair is usually dressed in confined curls. Shoes of crimson velvet.

OPERA DRESS.

MADAME CATALANI.—A long flowing *veste* and drapery of crimson velvet, lined with white sarsnet, and richly ornamented with a Turkish border, in gold; the drapery drawn through a *cestus*, formed of gold and sapphire, and terminated with a large gold tassel; confined in front of the right shoulder with a broach to correspond, from whence flows another point of the vest, finished with a similar tassel. A double *tunique*, or under dress, of French net, with loose long sleeves, and round bosom, cut low, spotted, and most splendidly embroidered in gold at the bottom. White satin petticoat embroidered to correspond. A Grecian diadem of gold, and brilliants. A square Brussels veil of the most transparent texture, lightly embroidered in gold, fixed at the back of the diadem, and flowing negligently over the left arm. Hair close cropt behind, falling in irregular corkscrew ringlets in front and on the sides. The necklace, one row of fine brilliants, set transparent, and fastened in the centre with a long square broach of sapphire in gold; ear-rings to correspond. White satin shoes, trimmed, and embroidered at the toes, in gold.

ON MODERN EMPIRICS.

The first physicians by debauch were made,
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the trade:
By toil our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food—
Toil strung their nerves, and purified their blood:
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
GOD never made his works for *Man* to mend.
DRYDEN.

AMONG the numerous discoveries of *genius* for the benefit of mankind, the art of preserving health and prolonging life seems to have attained its greatest perfection. Our newspapers daily invite both sexes to purchase the means of health; medicines of high-sounding names, invented by philanthropic doctors, are offered to the diseased with the most respectable testimonials of their efficacy; and eminent characters, both in *divinity* and *law*, are referred to, who will authenticate the miracles performed by quacks. It appears that those invaluable nostrums revivify the animal spirits, renovate muscular energy, and restore the vigour of youth to the palsied nerves of the antiquated debauchee. The inventors of those restoratives, with a modesty inseparable from genuine merit, circulate innumerable hand-bills at a great expence, and almost compel the sick to be healed. The general reliance of the public on the skill of empirics evinces, that if this is not the age of *reason*, it is not the age of *incredulity*. The patient swallows the miraculous pill or potion with implicit confidence, and finds it a

panacea for every evil. Indeed, quack medicines generally have the peculiar virtue of not only alleviating every pain to which man is subject in this transitory world, but also of conveying him to the regions of immortality The quack doctors ought, consequently, to obtain, from his holiness the pope, the power of dispensing absolution, and thus act in the twofold capacity of physician of the mind and body; for as their deleterious mixtures are mostly infallible passports to the world unknown, they ought to ensure their victims a good reception there, by purifying their souls as well as their bodies.

The rapid increase of nostrums within these few years would almost induce us to imagine, that all the diseases of Pandora's box had been poured out on the metropolis; and that too much praise could not be given to those benevolent philosophers who have so humanely prepared a remedy for every indisposition. But a little observation and reflection will remove the delusion; and, if we explore the laboratories of empiricism, we shall find that they are the most fatal armouries of death whence the poisoned arrows of quackery are discharged on mankind.

If we investigate the latent cause of this unparalleled increase and circulation of nostrums, we shall find that the natural love of life in the patient, and the love of gain in the empiric, preserves a reciprocal goodwill between them; and if the disease be the spleen, or some *imaginary* indisposition, and the bolus or elixir is not one of the most deadly kind of chemical preparations, the sick person recovers, and his name is exhibited in the doctor's lists of fame, not only in the newspapers, but in pamphlets generously presented to the public. But should the disease be *real*, the quack boldly administers one of his most potent mixtures, with a determination to kill or cure, and the unhappy victim of credulity expires amidst his weeping relatives and friends.

Regular physicians are certainly respectable and useful members of the community; yet, even among these, we are told that there are some who descend to mean and unjustifiable schemes to obtain money. Men, who professing to prescribe *gratuitously*, according to a preconcerted plan, send the patient to *their* apothecary, where the exhorbitant price extorted for medicines realises a fee!

Quackery, however, has not been confined to modern time; for, if we consult history, we shall find that man has long been the dupe of medical imposture. Not only simples and chemical preparations, but even music was called in to remove diseases; nay, Martianus Capella, in his treatise on music, asserts that fevers have been cured by song; and that Asclepiades cured deafness by the sound of a trumpet! Another more ancient author assures us, that the sound of a flute will cure an epilepsy and sciatic gout: but though the concord of sweet sounds may have effected miracles in the days of yore, yet the distorted limbs of gouty patients now-a-days are not to be restored to activity and symmetry by such gentle lenitives.

Gold, which has so long been the object of idolatrous worship, was thought, by the ancients, to possess healing virtues. We are informed that multitudes of chemists employed their skill in endeavours to render that metal potable; and even the common people in some countries, particularly Italy, Germany, and France, denied themselves necessaries, that they might purchase a few drops of the life-giving 'tincture of gold.' The moderns, however, seem to

have a more rational idea of the value of this metal, and make it the medium of more certain enjoyments.

In England itinerant quack doctors, attended by their buffoons, duped the laughing multitude, and combined amusement with deception. The master was generally succeeded by his merry-andrew, and distributed his infallible remedies with an important air, and an assumption of the most benign philanthropy. Several of the most successful of those British Esculapiuses became resident doctors in the metropolis; and their success incited the invention of others, insomuch that quacking may now be looked upon as a regular vocation.

From this epitome of ancient and modern quackery, it will be clear to every unprejudiced mind, that those liberal dispensers of medicine have destroyed myriads of their fellow-creatures; yet such is the good-nature of the present age, that medical imposture has been enabled to defend itself by the laws of the country.

The voluptuary is encouraged in his excesses by the plausible promises of empiricism; and he thinks he may indulge in every species of sensuality while *infallible* remedies abound. Will he not naturally feel exultation while perusing the accounts of wonderful cures that attract the eye in our ephemeral journals, and exclaim with self-complacency—'Happy era! this is, indeed, the age of philosophy, when physicians can renovate the vital energy, brace the shattered nerves, and invigorate the constitution! Men of pleasure may now revel in new joys, while there are such inestimable remedies for every disease!'

At present so universal is the passion for deleterious mixtures, that people are, we may conclude, a community of philosophers, whose magnanimity may be compared with that of Socrates himself. He swallowed poison with an unaltered cheek and serene brow; and Fame has enrolled him in the lists of her most illustrious sons. How great then must that community appear, where numbers of both sexes daily take poison with philosophic serenity!

R. T.

EXTRACT from the PLAY of ADRIAN and ORRILA.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

An Antichamber in Rosenheim Castle.

(Enter Anslem, followed by Madame Clermont.

Ans. (gruffly) I tell you again, Mistress, that you ask in vain—my lord will admit no visitors.

Mad. Alas! mine is no idle call of ceremony—'tis a heart-broken mother, imploring mercy for her child.—Surely, good man, you know my face?

Ans. Aye, I know it well enough—and I know your son's too—a plague on the family face, say I—it has wrought nothing but mischief since it was shewn in our valley—but once for all, my master will not see you.

Mad. Nay, but deliver my humble message to him, and his purpose may relent: behold my anguish, and do so much for charity!

Ans. Charity begins at home; and I don't see why I should thrust myself into the way of trouble, only for the chance of a stranger's thanks.

Mad. I am not rich; yet I can reward a friendly service. Look,

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* For the plot, &c. of this piece, see our Magazine for November last, p. 604.

good man,—this purse—this cross-let too—all shall be yours, if you admit me to the count.

Ans. Umph! I have naturally a wish to oblige, but 'tis as much as my place is worth to serve you: my lord is in a parlous fury, and has given strict orders not to be disturbed; however, I've a tender heart; and, as you say, out of charity one ought to——but is that locket made of real jewels?

Mad. In truth it is—O! do not torture me.

Ans. Well! well! I don't doubt your word—but if I *do* serve you, 'tis out of charity, more than the lucre of gain—I hope you understand that rightly. Wait here in the anti-chamber, and I'll try what can be done. [*Exit.*

Mad. Wretched Matilda! when will the chastisement of my offences cease? Will not Heaven accept of penitence, without atonement? Must man be taught to curse, ere God will pardon me? If so, I must indeed despair; for never can the dark confession pass these lips: shame fixes there an everlasting seal, and in the grave my secret must be buried with me! Yet, O! the innocent one, the object of my fondest love, is doomed to suffer for my sake. Haply, even now, from his dungeon's depth, my darling Adrian calls upon my name, and invokes me to preserve him. Inhuman! I hear him, yet can mock his prayer. Soon he may be dragged to an ignominious death; and as he passes to the scaffold, in agony of spirit he may point to me, and cry, 'Behold the unnatural mother, who could have saved her son, yet would not!'

(Re-enter Anslem.)

Ans. I thought what answer I should bear you back: my lord commands you to leave the castle, and trouble him no further.

Mad. *(fiercely)* I will not obey his mandate: I come here to claim a son, and without him I never will go hence:—this proud imperious lord *shall* see me; or, like a plague, I'll hang upon his threshold, and pierce his ear with everlasting cries!

Ans. Nay, but I must tell you——

Mad. Away! and let me pass! *(she casts her purse at his feet)* there is your hire—stoop! and be absolved by gold for all neglects!

[*Passes him, and exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Saloon—Rosenheim discovered, seated at a table—Githa standing by him, crying.*

Ros. How dare you, old woman, to disobey my orders? I commanded you to quit my presence half an hour ago—must I still endure your senseless jargon?

Gith. Ah! my lord—be not so harsh with your poor old servant—indeed I cannot quit you, without a word of comfort to carry lady Orrila!

Ros. Carry her my curse—no—not my curse; but tell her I never will forgive her.

Gith. Ah! such a message would break her poor heart at once. If your lordship could only see her, just as I left her in her chamber, fixed like a statue, her hands folded on her knees—her cheeks so deadly pale, and her fine dark eyes turned upwards to heaven, all streaming with tears—Ah! sure it is a sight would melt a heart of stone!

Ros. I am glad she suffers—to know that she is miserable rejoices me—if she was to weep till the Elbe overflowed with her tears, she could not wash out the stain she has fixed upon her family.

(A person knocks softly at the door.)

How now! who knocks there?

(Anslem appears.)

Ans. Please you, my lord——

Ros. No, Sirrah! it displeases—Disobedience, like an Egyptian plague, taints all my house, and leaves no wholesome creature within its walls.—'Twas my positive order no person should intrude.

Ans. In sooth, my lord, I'm not in fault—that woman is so obstinate, there's no way to rule her.

Ros. Eh! hasn't she left the castle yet?

Ans. No, my lord; nay more, she insists upon admittance to your lordship, and declares you *shall* see her.

Ros. How! vastly well! we shall find a way to settle with this positive personage: she *insists* truly! very right; let her enter, then: she has chosen a lucky moment; I'm in a delightful temper to receive her!—yes, shew the lady hither directly. Old woman, begone! *(Githa appears about to entreat again.)* Once more, begone, I say.

(He stamps furiously with his foot, and Githa retires, terrified at his rage; the Count then draws his chair forward, and seats himself with an air of excessive irritation.)

Now, then, for this determined lady; no doubt 'twas she who tutored her hopeful son for this exploit:—well, well, her visit shall meet a due reception.

Enter Madame.

[*She advances with an unsteady step, and bends with humility before the Count, who regards her sternly, and does not return her salutation.*]

Ros. Well, Madam, your high and mighty pleasure is complied with;—you *do* see me, and now for the business:—what have you to say?

Mad. One word.—*Mercy.*

Ros. I expunged that word from my dictionary, when a villain's hand blotted the page where *honour* was inscribed.

Mad. Count Rosenheim, you are a parent.

Ros. Aye, Madam, a wretched one—your son has rendered me such—I thank you for the recollection.

Mad. Is there then no hope? Are you resolved on his destruction?

Ros. Not so; I never take upon myself to decide the fate of any individual, whatever be my provocation; my cause shall be submitted to the excellent laws of my country—which never fail to redress the injured, or to protect an honest subject against the aggressions of the profligate and unprincipled!

Mad. But those laws are terrible.

Ros. Only to the vicious: innocence regards them undismayed: but, in a word, Madam, be this my fixed answer to all expostulation;—your son shall receive *justice*, and only justice; if the injured man demands no more, how shall he who commits the wrong expect indulgence?

Mad. Oh! heavens! do not send me from you thus!

Ros. 'Sdeath, woman! I did hope to have kept my temper with you: but you provoke me now beyond all patience.—How have you the effrontery to come into my presence upon such an errand; after you, and your son, have plotted against me, the basest injury a man of rank could suffer;—to steal away my heiress;—to pollute the stock of nobility with plebeian blood;—and to prop your own bankrupt fortunes with dishonest spoils;—to———

Mad. Hold! my lord—nor wantonly trample on a wretch whom affliction has already beaten to the ground!—though I lose happiness, let me retain honour: by every sacred name, I swear, even in remotest thought, I was not privy to your

daughter's flight; and had I known her fatal purpose, would have perished rather than deserved your harsh reproach.

Ros. (somewhat softened.) Well, Madam, if such really be the case (and you have protested it with solemnity) I am sorry for your misfortune: I can readily believe, unworthy children may spring from honourable parents; and if I have accused you undeservedly, I sincerely request your pardon.

Mad. Ah! that your forgiveness could be won half so easily as mine is granted! but you have a generous, noble nature—and, by all its godlike attributes, I implore you to have compassion on a desolate distracted woman!

(She casts herself on her knees before him.)

Release my boy! restore him to these widowed arms—and to the globe's remotest corner will we fly, never even by our name to wound your peace again.

Ros. 'Tis in vain—I am deaf to all intreaty.—

Mad. [*catching his arm with convulsive fervor.*] Count! A soul now kneels to you for salvation! if Adrian suffers, I shall be his murderess, and his innocent blood will fall on my head, and sink me to perdition;

Ros. Away! away! you rave!—

Mad. No—I am not yet mad, though soon I may be driven so—you cannot, dare not—destroy my Adrian—he is—

Ros. What?

Mad. [*shuddering in agony.*] There is a dreadful secret—may I confide in you?—Will you swear not to betray my trust?

Ros. (surprised.) I am a man of honour.

Mad. *(looking suspiciously around and speaking low.)* Aye! but swear never to breathe in mortal ear the lightest hint of my confession—swear it, Count! solemnly swear it!

[*She grasps his hand between hers, and rivets her eye on his with terrifying wildness—the Count appears astonished and irresolute—while he hesitates, the voice of Altenburg sounds without.*]

Alt. (without.) I must see the Count directly—

Mad. (releasing her hold, and starting up with the look and accent of despair)—'Tis now too late, and I am dumb for ever! [*She draws her veil quickly over her face.*]

Enter Altenburg.

Alt. Count! I come to make a trial of your friendship—'tis now in your power to oblige me eternally.

Ros. My friend! You should command, rather than request. I am your debtor in kindness for more than I can ever pay.

Alt. Grant me one favour, and you discharge the obligation nobly. Say I have your promise.

Ros. Irrevocably.

Alt. Enough—I take you at your word.—[*Passes to Madame, and takes her hand with eagerness.*] Woman of affliction, cease to weep—the vial of wrath is drained, and the chastising angel smites no more!

[*He returns to the door, and throwing it open, introduces Adrian.*]

Behold the boon I claim—'tis the restoration of an only son to the arms of a widowed mother!

[*Adrian rushes forward, Madame shrieks faintly, and drops lifeless into his arms.*]

Ros. Prince! what does this mean?

Alt. Strictly justice—life for life.—This youth preserved mine; and now, through your consent, I redeem his from equal peril.

Ros. Prince! Prince! my honour will remain for ever wounded, if that youth escapes.

Alt. And mine would be slain outright, was he condemned to suffer. —Altenburg has broken his chains; will Rosenheim's be the hand to rivet them again?

Adr. Look up, my mother!—'tis Adrian calls! will you not bless him with a word?

[*Madame, without answering, feebly disengages herself from Adrian's embrace—totters toward Altenburg—sinks on her knees, and, sobbing audibly, takes his hand and kisses it.*]

Alt. No thanks, dear lady! but if you were once my enemy, only say I have atoned to you, and that I am now forgiven.

Mad. All *is* forgiven!—All *shall* be atoned!

[*She draws aside the veil, and gazes upon him, pale and trembling.*]

Alt. Why do you fasten thus your eyes upon me?—Gracious Heaven! What dreadful charm is in your looks?—those eyes! they pierce my soul—never but once I gazed on such before—terrible illusion!—Speak but a word—*one* word!

Mad. Matilda!

(*Her eyes close, and she falls prostrate at his feet.*)

Alt. Almighty powers! 'tis she, —the wronged, betrayed, and still adored Matilda!—O! let me catch you from the ground, and clasp you ever in these trembling arms!—Matilda! look upon me! receive my penitence, and bless me with your pardon!

Mad. Away!—such bliss must ne'er be mine!

(*Struggling to force him from her.*)

Nay, hold me not—You know not what you do—You press to your bosom a serpent, that would have stung your noble heart to death!

Alt. O! do not shun me!—Fancy luxuriates, and I grow wild with hopes!—Matilda!—Adrian!—Mother!—Son!—Oh God! is he *that* son!—dare I to call him *ours?*

Mad. (*with bitterness.*) *Ours!*—would Altenburg then acknowledge Matilda Carlstein's nameless boy?

Alt. Rack me not with doubts so cruel!—bless me with a word, and say that I am still a parent:—but wherefore do I ask?—Nature irresistibly declares I am.—Adrian! my eager arms and throbbing heart expand together, and invite a son.

(*He rushes forward to embrace Adrian.*)

Mad. (*interposing*) Hold! Altenburg! forbear!—Adrian is *not* my son!

Adr. Great Heaven! not your son! —Oh! mother, do not drive me mad.

Alt. She would deceive us both; but the heart is confident, and cannot err.

Mad. Again I charge you hold! —By the eternal majesty of Truth! here, in the face of Man and Heaven, I swear it! Adrian is *not* my son!

Adr. What then am I? how must I regard you?

Mad. As a fiend to be abhorred for ever.

Adr. No, no; Adrian blesses you!

Mad. Soon will you learn to curse me—you will—you must—but I care not—my brain burns—yet all shall be confessed.

Alt. Matilda! a child once blessed our love,—say, in pity say, where is *that* child now?

Mad. Dead! Prince! dead! dead! —dust in the grave!—Hear me!—Twenty years since, sorrowing and blushing with my wrongs, I left the gaudy mansion of my shame, and sought in distant shades an humble refuge with my child;—desolate a I was, when I pressed my baby t my heart, I still felt comforted— brief illusive calm soothed my wo spirit, and I began again to drea

of peace—when suddenly a malignant fever seized upon my blooming infant—for three wretched days and nights I watched by its bed incessantly, and Heaven knows how fervent were my prayers! but watch and prayer were vain, and the Angel of Death tore from my weak arms the only solace I retained on earth.—Even *now* I shake with the terrors of that hour. It was *your* child, Altenburg!—and, had you seen its soft blue eyes for ever closing, I think you would have pitied its wretched mother!

Alt. Oh God! how tenderly—how truly—

Mad. Soft, let me proceed—a direful dreary blank succeeded—my wits wandered, and for many months I became an helpless lunatic—Suddenly, recollection visited me again—'twas at the dead hour of night—I had escaped from the kind peasants who tended me, and was sitting in the church-yard where my babe lay buried;—as from a dream, the senses seemed to start and wake,—no human shape or sound was near—but the cold breeze of midnight played freshly on my temples, and I heard the fallen leaf rustle as it past me—I felt I was alone, and slowly I gazed around—the moon, at its cloudless zenith, and the silent march of the stars were above me; and at my feet a new-made grave, which my unconscious hand had been strewing o'er with flowers.—I looked, and I knew it for my baby's—I could not weep—fire had dried up the source of tears—but a new spirit, fierce and fiendlike, rose within my breast—I kneeled down amidst the moon-light dews, and calling on my Infant's injured shade, pronounced a dreadful oath of vengeance—'twas on the Father of my Child I swore to be avenged.

Alt. Unhappy woman, how could you purpose—

Mad. Yet a moment! both day and night I travelled on my wild design—at last the towers of Altenburg rose proudly on my sight—a thick bower concealed me, and I watched the spot, unsettled in my aim, but fixed upon revenge!—the Castle gates unfolded—and a child, lovely as Cherubim, came tripping o'er the lawn, plucking the flowers and weaving them in playful wreaths. He approached the ambush where I stood concealed—I gazed upon his features, and I knew their stamp—'twas *your* son, Altenburg, your *legitimate* son, whom I beheld; '*Revenge*,' I cried—and as the fearless infant gambolled near the bower, sudden and unseen I snatched him in my arms—the turbid waters of the Elbe flowed near—swift to the river's brink I flew and bore my victim with me.

Alt. Inhuman murderess! then by *you* my gentle lamb was sacrificed—*your* hands plunged my infant in the roaring flood!

Mad. No!—heaven spared me from a deed so damned! I cast his hat and mantle on the wave, but held the infant closely nestled to my heart—my cruel fraud succeeded—the clothes were found—their wearer's death believed—and unpursued I bore the heir of Altenburg to distant realms—hither, to the mountains of Saxony I fled—and here, in peasants' weeds, I hid a prince's form, and reared the fruit of noble veins in vileness as my own—my race of crime at last is run!—Adrian, *I* lose my child for ever, but *you* in *Altenburg* regain a *Father*.

[*Altenburg and Adrian, who have hung upon the sentence in breathless impatience, now rush towards each other.*]

Mad. Aye! fly to each other's arms, and kill me with the sight of bliss I never must partake; but I

do not murmur—no, may you be blessed for ever, whilst I eternally am curst!

(Her corporal and mental powers appear to yield together, and she is sinking, when Rosenheim catches and sustains her.)

Ros. (vehemently.) No, lady! no! that man must have the heart of a wild beast, who could curse a poor repentant sinner, that, stricken to the earth, implores for mercy!

Adr. (flying to her.) Mother, dear-est mother!

Mad. (feebly raising her head.) Ah! that name, Adrian——

Adr (impetuously.) is *your* son—you are still his parent, or Adrian is still an orphan!

Alt. Matilda, our offences have been mutual—let our expiation be the same; one son is lost to us, yet another still is ours.

Mad. Ours? O! Altenburg!—

Alt Let Adrian be *your* son—let Matilda be my wife!

Adr. Blessings on my father!

Mad. Adrian, lead me—let me kneel—

Alt. No—*here*, next a husband's heart, be folded, and absolved for ever!

(Rosenheim and Adrian support Matilda;—Altenburg meets her with extended arms, and they sink on their knees as they embrace.)

(The folding doors, at the back of the scene, open, and Orrila appears leaning on Githa and Lothaire.)

Loth. Look up, sweet lady! nay, never droop.

Gith. Ah! I said your courage would fail, when put to't; but you would persist.

Ros. (turning suddenly.) How now! whom do I see? Oh! thou undutiful disobedient——

Orr. Ah! Sir, spare your rebuke;—your frown alone has too much terror for your child; humbly I come——

Ros. I know it—you come to whine, and whimper, and wheedle a fond father to forgive you; but you are too late, for I resolved upon your punishment just eight seconds ago; look up in my face, and tell me if you do not read their rigorous sentence?

Orr. (timidly raises her eyes; Rosenheim smiles.) Sir! father!

Ros. Come hither, girl; give me your hand: but no, I'll take it by proxy, and you, young man, shall be my representative. *(To Adrian.)*

Orr. Ah! dare I to believe——

Ros. Any thing: but, that your father can be inconsistent; you must not dare to believe that; for I never in my life rescinded a resolution I once had formed; I always said that Altenburg should be your husband, and 'tis now, only, to an Altenburg I resign you.

Adr. My Orrila! I read your marvel in your eyes—but soft you for a while, and these strange-seeming chances shall clearly be avouched for truths.

Orr. I know not to believe, yet will not doubt—O! if I dream, never let me wake from such delightful visions, but die of the sweet phantasy, and only find out the deceit in paradise!

Gith. What! does your Lordship forgive my young Lady?—please the saints then, I'll dance a gavot at the wedding!

Loth. When pardon touches all, must I alone despair of mercy?—does my dear master banish me, never to hope recall?

Alt. From me your fortunes are indeed divorced, but I will marry them to a kinder service, whence no fickle wish can chance to stray.—Kneel to the fair Orrila! for henceforth there your duties must be bound.—Now, my Matilda, let our

pilgrim loves, that have fulfilled the penance of their youthful fault, rest at the happy shrine, and meet succeeding pleasures doubly relished by needful memory of disasters past!

Mad. Wondering — trembling — touched with pious awe — I muse — am conscious — and adore! — But now I stood upon Creation's verge, a lonely hermit atom — living, yet unally'd to kindred life — lo! even as a moment — husband — offspring — friends — with all the heaven-born social charities, endear existence and invite me to a HOME!

Thus, when fierce winds the midnight deep deform,
And shrieks on high the spirit of the storm;
The shivering Mariner, aghast with fear,
Clings to the mast, and thinks, his doomsday near;
Sudden—the dark dread danger clears away,
Clouds blush with light, warm strikes the new-born day.
In murmuring melody the waves subside,
And breeding Halcyons nestle o'er the tide;
Thro' Heaven's blue vast swift kindling glories run,
And waking worlds adore the golden sun!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

MEMOIRS of the LIFE of the late Right Hon. WILLIAM PITT.

(*Continued from p.* 8.)

MR. PITT, soon after he had taken the reins of government, brought forward in the house of commons his plan for a reform of parliament; but it was rejected by the house. After settling the accounts of the American war, which were left in a state of great confusion, he submitted to the house of commons a plan for discharging the national debt, which he afterwards amended and improved, and which will doubtless be considered by posterity as the noblest monument of his fame. It was founded in 1786, on a surplus of 900,000*l.* of the annual income, above the annual expenditure, which he proposed should be raised to a million sterling by taxes imposed for that purpose. This sum was to be annually paid to commissioners, to be by them applied to the purchase of stock towards discharging the debt of the country. With a view at once to lighten the burdens of the people, and to render his favourite plan more effective, he proceeded to correct many abuses which had crept into the collection of the revenue, improving the excise laws, and extending their operation to the article of wine. Nor did he confine his attention to the details of interior regulation; his enlightened and discerning mind perceived, that though France for ages had been what is called the natural enemy of this country, the frequent wars in which the two countries had been involved were more owing to false and mistaken notions concerning the sources of national prosperity, and an ill-founded jealousy on the part of France of the commercial riches of England, than from any other cause. He availed himself, therefore, of an interval of peace, to convince the government of France of the mistaken notions they had entertained upon this subject, by shewing them that every endeavour they had made to triumph by sea had diminished the riches and power which it was their object to increase by a contest, and that both their commerce and naval force had been uniformly reduced by the very wars through which they had sought their extension. Concord, therefore, being the mutual interest of both parties, Mr. Pitt conceived the noble design of changing the contentious policy which had so long prevailed by establishing a system of commer-

cial intercourse, which should reciprocally increase the value of productive labour. Mr. Eden was accordingly sent to Paris to conclude a treaty of commerce with France, in which he completely succeeded. The advantages of this treaty were so obvious, that they were the best possible panegyric upon the talents which had produced it.

Though whatever related to the commercial prosperity of the country at all times engaged a principal share of Mr. Pitt's attention, he was likewise careful to maintain the dignity of the crown in our relations with foreign states. By a spirited and timely interference in the affairs of Holland, in 1787, he prevented that country from falling a prey to a French faction, which was then looking to the house of Bourbon for support. And in the following year, by measures similarly decisive, Great Britain, in conjunction with Prussia, succeeded in arresting the ambitious views of Catherine II. which were then directed against Sweden, and inducing her to conclude a peace on equitable terms with the Ottoman Porte.

The close of the year 1788 was clouded by a signal calamity which befel the nation in the person of the sovereign. It is unnecessary to advert to the circumstances of an illness which spread grief and dismay over the country, more particularly than merely to recall to the recollection of the reader the circumstances of difficulty in which Mr. Pitt was then placed, and the manner in which he acquitted himself of the arduous duties attached to his station.

But the most difficult period of Mr. Pitt's administration was not yet arrived. Hitherto he had only to combat a political party, a difficulty which every minister in this country must infallibly expect to encounter. A crisis was approaching in the affairs of Europe, which threatened the overthrow of all the existing governments. The French revolution produced a war between this country and France. As to the mode of conducting it, there is, perhaps, room for diversity of opinion. The circumstances were new and unprecedented, and therefore little or no light could be derived from experience to guide him in his estimate of the enemy's means, and consequently the extent of the force by which he ought to have been opposed. If we are to judge by events, and lay aside the fatal reverses sustained by our allies—if we are to take the history of the war as merely a contest between this country and France, it may be considered as successful on the part of England; and, perhaps, an impartial man would be disposed to infer, not that Mr. Pitt was responsible for the misfortunes and conduct of our allies, but that if he had been able to dispose of the force of the continent as he did dispose of that of this country, the success, which was only partial, would in that case have been general. At the same time, he had an arduous task to perform in counteracting the open and secret attempts of those, for too many such there were, who seditiously wished to introduce into this country the wild theories and ruinous practices of France. Some of the measures he adopted for this purpose were, perhaps, liable to considerable objections; but others of them were no doubt absolutely necessary.

The course of the war was marked by several important events immediately affecting the public credit of the country, and one of which seemed for a time to throw the security of the kingdom into immediate and imminent jeopardy; but they were met by Mr. Pitt with a calmness, firmness, and sagacity, worthy of his character,

and of the prime minister of a great nation. In 1793, the spirit of commercial speculation and enterprise, which had for many years been so rapidly increasing, did not find in the circulating medium at that time afloat, means sufficient to answer the highly augmented demands of trade. In consequence of the distress and alarm caused by this stagnation, and to enable the merchants to make good those engagements which were amply secured by the value of their property, but which in the state of pecuniary negociation at that time surpassed their convertible effects, Mr. Pitt proposed that government should advance money on the security of mercantile commodities, by issuing exchequer bills to be granted to the merchants, on the requisite security for a limited time, and bearing legal interest, in consequence of which the temporary embarassment was removed, and manufactures and trade again became flourishing.

The year 1797 was clouded by two events, which threatened consequences still more alarming. From the great advances which the Bank for a considerable time had been in the habit of making to government—from the amount of the remittances in specie which were about this period sent abroad, in the form of subsidies to foreign powers, from a dread of invasion, which had spread a sort of momentary panic over the kingdom—and, perhaps, we may add, from a deficiency in the circulating medium, which had by no means been increased in proportion to the vast and rapid extension of commerce—a run commenced upon the country banks which soon reached the metropolis, and created such a demand for cash on the Bank of England, that their stock, in all probability, would soon have been exhausted had not government immediately interposed, and issued the order of council of the twenty-sixth of February, prohibiting the directors of the Bank from paying in specie till the sense of parliament should be taken. The measure was bold and decisive; but it met with the support of the monied interest of the kingdom, whose confidence in Mr. Pitt had been always unbounded, and it saved the country from all the confusion which might have arisen from so serious a state of things.

But circumstances which only affected the credit of the country, however alarming and important they might appear, were sunk in the terror and dismay which pervaded every class of society, when, on the thirteenth of April of that year, a mutiny broke out on board the fleet at Portsmouth, which on the twenty-second of May manifested itself at the Nore, and which afterwards communicated itself to several ships both of the North Sea and Cadiz fleets. This was an event which made the empire tremble on it base, and which deprived ordinary men of all power of reflection. Mr. Pitt, however, was not shaken even then. The measures adopted by him, lord Spencer, lord Grenville, and Mr. Dundas, manifested at once prudence, moderation, and vigour; and the splendid victories which since that eventful period have been gained by our fleets are much more than sufficient eternally to wipe off the stain which such irregular proceedings left for a time on their character.

It was in the same year that Mr. Pitt adopted a new plan of finance, founded upon the principle of raising a great part of the supplies within the year. With the view of preventing the increase of the permanent debt, from which the enemy expected the downfall of our credit, he proposed to treble the assessed taxes, which he calculated to amount

to a tax of about ten per cent. upon income, which he afterwards substituted for this tax. This plan was followed up by the redemption of the land-tax, by which the revenue gained an accession of 400,000*l.* a year; and the effect of the whole financial system has been manifest in the high and undiminished state of public credit, notwithstanding the burthens of a war unprecedented both in expence and duration.

In the month of January 1799, Mr. Pitt proposed a plan for the union of Ireland with Great Britain, by placing the three kingdoms under the same legislature, as they were already governed by the same prince. In developing the importance of this measure, he displayed, perhaps, more than at any other time his commanding eloquence, his profound and extensive acquaintance with the political interests of the country, and his accurate knowledge of the human heart and character. He had many difficulties to encounter in carrying through this plan, arising from local prejudices, from contracted notions, from the violence of party spirit, and from the interested views of individuals; but to a mind like his difficulties never act as discouragements, but as stimulants to greater exertions. He surmounted all the obstacles which were opposed to him both in Ireland and this country, and at last successfully carried his project into effect.

In the discussion on the union, Mr. Pitt and his supporters repeatedly mentioned the satisfaction of the catholics as more practicable under an extended and united legislation than a confined and separate one, and he either by express stipulations had pledged himself, or by general assurances had impressed many with a persuasion, that, when the union should be effected, he would be the advocate of the catholic claims. It was understood, however, that the king, who uniformly acts from moral principle, and agreeably to the dictates of his conscience, conceived that he could not enter into the views of his minister consistently with his coronation oath. Mr. Pitt, on the other hand, attaching much importance to the measure, thought fit to resign his office, on finding that he could not carry it into execution.

This important change in the administration of the country, which now devolved on Mr. Addington, took place in February 1801. Mr. Pitt was understood to have recommended Mr. Addington to his majesty as his successor, and he retired from office, giving the new administration a promise of hearty support, as did those of his colleagues who resigned along with him. Lord Grenville and his friends became disgusted with the measures of their successors much sooner than Mr. Pitt, who continued to support them after the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, during the peace, and till the commencement of the present war, when he joined his old friends, who were now leagued with the former opposition, and by their united efforts compelled Mr. Addington to resign his office in May, 1804.

The country being thought to be in such imminent danger, that unanimity founded upon a coalition of parties could alone save it, it was ardently desired that an administration should be formed upon a broad basis, embracing all the most distinguished talents in the country. Mr. Pitt is said warmly to have favoured this project, and to have sincerely recommended it to his majesty for his adoption. The objections in that quarter to admitting Mr. Fox to the secret councils of the crown were, however, found to

be insurmountable. Lord Grenville refused to join any administration from which Mr. Fox was peremptorily excluded. Mr. Pitt was thus obliged to form an administration composed of his own particular friends; and if, in consequence of its confined organisation, he did not enjoy the benefit of the most splendid talents, this loss was, perhaps, in some degree counterbalanced by the advantage of one mind pervading and animating all the departments of government, unshackled by those differences of sentiment and opinion which rival powers so frequently beget.

In the prosecution of the war which was now entered into, England was, as before, eminently successful in her individual efforts by sea. The glorious victory of Trafalgar almost annihilated the French and Spanish navies. But the coalition on the continent, from which so much had been expected, and the formation of which was considered as reflecting so much honour on the political talents of Mr. Pitt, was to the last degree unfortunate. The surrender of the Austrian army under general Mack at Ulm, and the defeat at Austerlitz, compelled the emperor of Austria to sign the peace dictated to him at Presburg. These disastrous events could not but make a deep impression on the mind of Mr. Pitt, whose health about this time began visibly to decline. For its recovery he went to Bath, where on his first arrival he drank the waters very freely, twice a day, saying, that he knew he must have a fit of the gout, in order to be well; that he came there two years before, and tried to bring it on then, but could not; and that it attacked him, very inconveniently, after his return to town, which he would now endeavour to avoid, by hastening the fit. The gout very soon appeared, first in his right foot, and then had every appearance of going off with a regular fit. He was well enough after this to go out in his carriage. In about three weeks time, however, the left foot was laid up, attended with a good deal of inflammation and excessive pain. The latter he would never confess; and even when large drops were trickling down his face, from torture, he said, smiling—'We who have got the gout, must expect to suffer something; but if this be all, I can bear it very well, and much more.'

Before the attack came to its height, he went, one day, in a chair, to the pump-room, to take a glass of water. As he limped across the floor, a good-natured quaker came up to him, and said—'Thou seems't rather lame, friend; wilt thou permit me to assist thee?' With a good-natured smile, but peculiar energy, Mr. Pitt, replied—'No, thank you, sir; I can stand alone upon my legs yet.'

About the same time, he had a few friends to dine with him, among whom was a general officer who had been wounded in the service. 'General,' said he, 'if I were lame from the same cause that you are, I might shoulder my crutch, and shew how fields were won. But it is my fate only to shew by what damnable treachery they have been lost.—Come', said he, 'I am the youngest man in the company, and will be gayest man in the gout you ever met with yet.' This he amply verified, for not one of the company ever recollected him so jocular or facetious.

In a few days, however, his appetite totally left him, for the first time, under any circumstances of his life; and he shewed evident marks of extreme weakness and exhaustion. This first alarmed his very anxious friends, and, unknown to him, an express was sent to sir Walter Farquhar, who went down to Bath

immediately. Sir Walter declared that the Bath waters had produced a greater tendency to gout than his constitution had strength to bear; but would not undertake the responsibility of removing him from Bath, without the sanction of two other physicians. Drs. Haygarth and Parry were therefore called in, and they concurred in the necessity of a change of air, to try if it would restore his appetite, more particularly as the house which had been chosen for him in Bath was in a very low, damp, and exposed situation, from which he sustained material injury.

The violence of the gout had now partly left him, and nothing appeared to remain but extreme debility. Sir Walter Farquhar having suggested that if he preferred staying in Bath, a house more convenient for him might be procured, and that he had no doubt but arrangements might be made for postponing all business in parliament, and partly hinting that he was authorised to make overtures for that purpose, Mr. Pitt replied—'No, I will not consent to a moment's delay, when my conduct is in question. I will go to the house, though I should be carried to it in a litter. I feel from the strength of my own mind that I shall be well enough for that.'

He was not, however, able to enter the House of Commons again. About the middle of January 1806, he returned from Bath to Putney, and though extremely fatigued by the journey, flattering hopes of his recovery continued to be for some time entertained. Parliament met on January the twenty-first, but the day before he had a very serious relapse. The next day his disorder seemed to have taken a more favourable turn, and the fever was apparently so much abated, that the physicians encouraged hopes of his recovery; but towards the evening, when the physician who chiefly attended him paid his visit before taking leave of his patient for the night, he found that the fever had returned with increased violence, and every symptom was so aggravated that all hope was at an end. It became now necessary to declare an opinion, and to acquaint Mr. Pitt himself with the imminent danger.

The bishop of Lincoln, the oldest and fondest friend of Mr. Pitt, was called out of the room, and the following opinion was expressed to him, nearly in these words.—

'He cannot live forty-eight hours: the disorder has now taken a mortal turn; any attempt to rouse him from his present lethargy would be attended with instant death. He is not strong enough for medicine, or any restorative application. If he lingers a few days more it will astonish me.'

The bishop of Lincoln now saw the necessity of intimating the danger to Mr. Pitt. He fulfilled this painful office with firmness. Mr. Pitt was hardly sensible; this dreaded shock had scarcely power to dissipate his lethargy; but after a few moments he waved his hand, and was left alone with the bishop.

He had desired that some papers should be brought to him to which his signature was necessary. He then desired to receive the sacrament from his venerable friend, and it was accordingly administered. In the most composed and collected state, he afterwards expressed to the bishop his perfect resignation to the will of Heaven; and his mind bore up under his nearly exhausted body with such manly fortitude, that he entered into a conversation on religious subjects, speaking of himself with Christian humility, though with philosophic firmness—a firmness indeed that must rather be referred to that spirit of devotion which was always a lead-

ing sentiment in his mind. A long time, for such an awful crisis, was passed in the solemn duties of religion; and almost the last words he uttered signified that he died in peace and good-will towards all mankind. He had received no sustenance from Tuesday the twenty-first. His will* was made in a calm interval between that and the following day. He had signified a desire to write a few lines, but his exhausted condition deprived him of the power.

During the night his fever continued, and the strong convulsions in his stomach more than once threatened to break up his frame.

The bishop of Lincoln sat up with him. The physicians had discontinued medicine. On Wednesday the twenty-second in the morning, lady Hester Stanhope his niece, and Mr. James Stanhope, had an interview with him, and received his last adieu. His brother, the earl of Chatham, took his last farewell late in the afternoon; Mr. Pitt was scarcely sensible. He could speak nothing: he could express affection, gratitude, and hope, only by signs.

The bishop of Lincoln continued with him all night. The mortal symptoms were now approaching to a crisis. His extremities were already cold, and his senses began to fail. As a last and desperate effort to protract life, blisters were applied to the soles of his feet. They restored him to something of life and recollection, but they could arrest nothing of the progress of death. It is said that he continued clear and composed till a short time before his dissolution, which took place, without much addition of suffering or struggle, at half-past four o'clock in the morning of Thursday, January the twenty-third, 1806.

With respect to the character of this great statesman, his great financial abilities seem scarcely ever to have been contested. It has been observed, and apparently with justice, that had the same plans of finance which he carried into execution been adopted from the beginning of the seven years war till the present time, our debts would not have amounted to one-third of what they do; and had they not been begun by Mr. Pitt, our debts would now have been at least one-third more than they are.—When we consider his abilities in this respect, we admire them the more, since nearly all the financial projects attempted in other nations have failed: and we regret the loss of those abilities the more, that our having occasion for them again is far more than merely possible. Let us, however, hope that a system which has now been persevered in for twenty years has made so many converts to its advantage, that it will not be abandoned; and that if difficulties occur, men of abilities and genius will be found who will imitate the disinterested and firm conduct of William Pitt.

As a general politician and a minister, conducting the affairs of a nation during a most unprecedented period, opinions will be more divided with respect to the conduct of Mr. Pitt. The nature of things renders it impossible to appeal to facts and demonstrations in the same manner, because, in this case, though we know what he did do, and we know the consequences, we are ignorant of the motives, in some cases; and in all we are ignorant of what the consequences would have been had he acted differently.

As an orator in the senate Mr. Pitt was almost unrivalled On this

* For a copy of this will, see vol. xxxvii. (for 1806) p. 122.

subject we shall borrow the words of a confidential friend and admirer of him, who has himself taken and still continues to take a very active part in public affairs.—'As a debater in the house of commons his speeches were logical and argumentative; if they did not often abound in the graces of metaphor, or sparkle with the brilliancy of wit, they were always animated, elegant, and classical. The strength of his oratory was intrinsic; it presented the rich and abundant resource of a clear discernment and a correct taste. His speeches are stampt with inimitable marks of originality. When replying to his opponents, his readiness was not more conspicuous than his energy. He was always prompt, and always dignified. He could sometimes have recourse to the sportiveness of irony, but he did not often seek any other aid than was to be derived from an arranged and extensive knowledge of his subject. This qualified him fully to discuss the arguments of others, and forcibly to defend his own. Thus armed, it was rarely in the power of his adversaries, mighty as they were, to beat him from the field. His eloquence, occasionally rapid, electric, and vehement, was always chaste, winning, and persuasive; not awing into acquiescence, but arguing into conviction. His understanding was bold and comprehensive. Nothing seemed too remote for his reach, or too large for his grasp.

'Unallured by dissipation, and unswayed by pleasure, he never sacrificed the national treasure to the one, or the national interest to the other. To his unswerving integrity, the most authentic of all testimony is to be found in that unbounded public confidence which followed him throughout the whole of his political career.'

Mr. Pitt's mind was strongly actuated by the love of glory and the fire of genius: it was deeply imbued with taste, literature, and the best endowments of nature. He was beloved by his friends, and steady in his attachments. His temper, as a private man, contrary to what has been most unwarrantably said of him, was open, generous, and kind. His powers of conversation bore the stamp of his genius; but it was genius unbending from the dignity of senatorial eminence, to that fascinating and familiar simplicity which great men are ever known to display in domestic and relaxed hours.

Abroad, and in political contest, he was proud and inflexible. To those who knew him confidentially, he was said to bear an uniform demeanour of kindness and good nature. But it must be remembered that among his friends, even in the cabinet, there were few obstinate men—few men who could pique his jealousy, or, in the slightest degree, ruffle the tide of his inclination.

ACCOUNT of the new PLAY called 'THE CURFEW,' performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Thursday, February 19.

THE characters were thus represented:

NORMANS.

Hugh de Tracy, - -	Mr. Barrymore.
Robert, - - -	Mr. Bannister.
Bertrand, - - -	Mr. H. Siddons.
Walter, - - -	Mr. Penley.
Philip, - - -	Mr. Eyre.
Dunstan, - - -	Mr. Cook.
Matilda, - - -	Mrs. Powell.
Florence, - - -	Miss Duncan.

DANES.

Fitzharding, - - -	Mr. Elliston.
Armstrong, - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Conrad, - - -	Mr. Matthews.
Herman, - - -	Mr. Carles.

The scene lies in England, in the time of William the Conqueror.

THE PLOT.

THE *Baron de Tracy*, a native of Normandy, having married an English lady there, was so violently instigated to jealousy, by certain anonymous letters, that he plunged his dagger into his wife's breast, caught, as he considered her, in the arms of her seducer. His wife, *Matilda*, only wounded, fled with her infant son, leaving her husband to the distracting conviction of her honour, and to the still more distracting surmise, that the vessel in which she had departed was lost in its passage. The cause of all this misery was *Fitzharding*, a youth, who having enlisted in the baron's service, received from him, for some trifling offence, the ignominy of a public punishment; and of this the imposture he practised on the baron was but the commencement of his revenge. In the present play, we find the baron, an English lord, and *Fitzharding*, the captain of a Danish banditti, infesting the woods adjacent to the baron's castle. *Fitzharding*, luckily for the completion of his revenge, intercepts a friar, who is on his way to confess the baron, assumes the monk's disguise, and proceeds thither himself, having previously planned with his fellow-robbers an attack upon the castle at the tolling of the curfew-bell. Near to this scene of action resided *Matilda*, and her son *Robert*, the former of whom, from her recluseness, had obtained the reputation of a witch, and the latter had just joined *Fitzharding*'s banditti. This banditti in their prowlings meet with *Florence*, the daughter of the baron, who had left her father's castle in male disguise on account of his refusal to her union with *Bertrand*, the companion of her earliest years: the robbers bear her away to their cave, where she overhears the whole plot to besiege her father's castle. The robbers, conceiving her to have been too attentive to their discourse, give her over to *Robert* to be dispatched. The tender heart of this youth in iniquity is melted by her confession of her sex, and he not only preserves her, but secures her escape to his mother's cottage. *Robert*, too, shoots an arrow with a written discovery of the robbers' intention into the confines of the castle, where it is picked up and delivered to the baron, in the midst of his conference with the supposed friar. The baron gives it to *Fitzharding* to read, who, of course, perceiving its drift, evades the communication of it to the baron. In the mean time, *Florence* is brought into the baron's presence, under his order for the seizure of every soul in *Matilda*'s cottage. *Florence* developes enough of *Fitzharding*'s dark design to put the baron's castle in the utmost readiness for attack; and just as *Fitzharding* had led the baron into the deepest recess of the castle, and had discovered himself and his bloody intentions, we find the form of *Matilda* interposing, and confessing herself the long-lost wife of the baron. The next scene is, of course, the frustration of *Fitzharding*'s plot, and the happy union of *Bertrand* and *Florence*.

This play has been announced as the posthumous production of Mr. Tobin, the author of the *Honey Moon*, a name now well known, and whose memory and accomplishments are deservedly esteemed in the literary world. Being introduced under circumstances which Dr. Johnson forcibly describes—

> From praise or censure now no more we dread,
> For English vengeance wars not with the dead—

the province of criticism becomes

peculiarly delicate. Panegyric would therefore in some degree be superfluous, and correction of no avail—for

We need not hiss—the Author cannot hear!

'*The Curfew,*' in several instances, excites the tender emotions of the mind. Although it by no means rouses our stronger energies, yet it commands an interest throughout which will ensure it that portion of popularity refused to several plays of modern times. It has little, if any, novelty; yet the attractions of the plot—although drawn from obvious sources—the elegance and purity of the sentiments, and its powerful stage effect, all happily combine in forming a play fit for our rational amusement. If it have no originality of plot or character, some may perhaps express their astonishment at the cause of its success; but that astonishment will cease when they are informed that a strong combination of incidents, managed by the hand of a master, and strengthened and adorned by forcible and eloquent observations on life and manners, will contribute to the success of a play in which originality of plot or character may be wanting. Although we are presented with many likenesses and colourings from various other dramas, yet the poetical machinery is so very happily blended, as to obtain our best and most sincere approbation. In '*The Curfew*' we frequently find the most prominent features of 'The Revenge'—'The Children of the Wood'—'Castle Spectre'—'The Battle of Hexham,'—Shakspeare's Plays, &c. &c.: but the author draws from those sources so dexterously, as to ensure not only our forgiveness but our warmest encomiums. Between the character of *Fitzharding* and that of *Zanga* there is very little difference of sentiment and operation of the mind. In one passage there is the mere substitution of the word "brand' for 'blow!'

The scenes where *Matilda* undergoes an interrogatory as a witch, and where she rescues her husband from the revengeful dagger of *Fitzharding*, are worked up with uncommon skill, and fraught with the deepest pathos. Not less striking are the scenes where *Fitzharding*, as the confessor, probes the conscience of the baron, and afterwards discovers himself to be an officer, whom the baron had formerly insulted so gallingly, and punished so ignominiously. The vigour of the sentiments which distinguish the chief character is suitably exhibited in equal vigour of expression. Indeed Mr. Tobin was perfect master of a style that has almost every thing to recommend it, viz. force, elegance, splendour of imagery, felicity, and justness of illustration and comparison.

We have seldom seen a new play so ably sustained by the performers, who were perfect in their respective parts. Elliston evinced unusual powers in *Fitzharding*, and Mrs. Powell infused much dignity and tenderness into the part of *Matilda*. Miss Duncan and Bannister were as interesting as ever; nor have we often seen Mr. H. Siddons to such advantage. Unmixed applause accompanied the performance from the beginning to the end of the piece, and broke out in an universal burst when the play was announced for a second representation.—A prologue and epilogue were spoken; the former has great merit.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL, AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

Said to have been written by WILLIAM ROSCOE, *esq. M. P. for Liverpool, for the use of his children, and set to music by order of their Majesties for her royal highness the princess Mary.*

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshopper's feast:
The trumpeter Gad-fly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth shaven grass by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
To an ev'ning's amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations—green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth, with her plumage of down,
And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promised that ev'ning to lay by their sting.

Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind cousin, the Mole;
And the Snail, with her horns, peeping out of her shell,
Came fatigued with the distance, the length of an ell.

A mushroom the table, and on it was spread
A water dock-leaf, which their table-cloth made.
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought the honey to sweeten the feast.

With steps most majestic the Snail did advance,
And he promised the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as ev'ning gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his light:
So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me.

THE HAUNTED COTTAGE.

IN yonder neat cot, at the skirt of the grove
Near which a small streamlet doth glide,
Fair Laura resided, a maiden so fair,
That she was of the village the pride.

Young William, who liv'd at the foot of the hill,
Beheld this sweet flower of the vale;
His breast with the fondest emotions was fill'd,
And soon he disclos'd his soft tale.

But when the attachment was known to his friends,
They resolv'd that the lovers should part;
And vow'd that the youth should his passion forego,
And leave the dear girl of his heart.

They fondly imagined that absence and time
Would all kind sensations remove;
That London's gay scenes would influence the youth,
To forget his fond Laura and love.

How vain their conjectures the sequel will prove:
In youth's bright meridian bloom,
Depriv'd of his Laura, the joy of his heart,
He sicken'd, and sunk to the tomb.

No sooner the news was to Laura convey'd,
When frantic and wild with despair,
She plung'd in the streamlet that glides by the cot,
And sought a retreat from her care.

So blooms the fair lily that graces the vale,
Eclipsing each floweret around,
Till broke from its stem by the rude blast's rough wing,
In an instant it falls to the ground.

Her parents, distracted, beheld the sad scene;
With Laura their comfort was fled:
Bow'd down with the weight of distress and old age,
They sunk to the realms of the dead.

How lonely and sad does the cottage appear,
Which erst was the seat of delight!
The orchard, the garden, and jas'mine bower,
How dreary they look to the sight!

No villager e'er will inhabit the cot,
For 'tis roundly affirm'd, that at night
Deep murm'rings are heard, and dire sounds load the gale,
And the windows emit a pale light.

'Tis likewise reported—and credited too,
At midnight's dark ghost-walking hour,
That William and Laura, with arm lock'd in arm,
Oft walk to their favorite bower.

The birdnesting stripling—a truant from school,
Ne'er frequents this dread haunted spot;
The peasant returning from labour at eve,
Goes a circle, to shun the drear cot.

Fast by the small fane that o'erlooks the low vale
The remains of poor Laura repose:
The maidens subscrib'd, and erected a tomb,
And a youth did these verses compose:—

EPITAPH.

Well may the sculptur'd Cupids on this stone
With bows unstrung and broken arrows mourn;
And chisel'd cherubs, as they hover near,
Here shed, or seem to shed, the pitying tear:
Here the hard heart may learn to sympathise,
And soft'ning dew distil from marble eyes.

Pause, youthful passenger, who stroll this way,
And wisdom learn from Laura's mould'ring clay;
Here see how oft bright beauty's fairest flower
Feels disappointed passion's noxious power.
And may an happier influence from above
Preserve thee from th' effects of frantic love.

Haverhill, Jan. 20, 1807. J. WEBB.

ADDRESS TO

OPULENCE AND COMPETENCE.

(Written February, 1807.*)*

———————' Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just.'

SHAKSPEARE.

YE sons of opulence, while winter reigns
In frigid terror o'er your wide domains;
While from the north the gelid breezes blow,
And covers nature with a mask of snow;
O freely from your purse impart your store,
And clothe and feed the naked, starving poor!

Behold yon cot, whose miserable form
Shakes at the pressure of the wintry storm;
Whose mossy roof, chink'd walls, and broken pane,
Admit the feathery snow and driving rain:
Enter the ruinous abode, and see
In living traits, domestic misery.
Crouch'd o'er the embers view the squalid race,
Rags on each back, and famine in each face;
While cries for bread assault their mother's ears,
She gives but one expressive answer—tears!
Lo, at her breast a famish'd nurseling lies,
The milky fount refuse to grant supplies;
Want has dry'd up the source whence freely flow'd
The mild nutritious stream.

Ye sons of competence, to whom kind heaven
With lib'ral hand has needful plenty giv'n,
Practise frugality—but spare, to spend;
Think what you give the poor to God you lend.

Go seek distress, explore the tents of woe,
Bid the wan cheek with rosy tints to glow;
Smooth with soft touch Misfortune's rugged road,
Clothe shivering Want, and fill it's mouth with food.
At length, transfixt by death, yon heights ascend,
Where active virtue finds an heav'nly friend.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

SONNET.

(On viewing a withered Rose.)

WHILE thus in pensive silence, sacred flow'r,
O'er thy lost sweets with downcast look I gaze,
And view, alas! thy charms with wild amaze,
Now wither'd,—once the pride of Flora's bow'r,

How does remembrance sad with tears review
Scenes, hours, and days that once like thee were fair!
When pleasure felt no pang and love no care,
And naught but happiness this bosom knew.

Life then indeed was dear: like thee, sweet flow'r!
My Mary smil'd serene, till o'er her charms
Death unrelenting stalk'd '*in evil hour*,'
And snatch'd the lovely image from my arms.
Come, let me kiss thy leaves, as with a tear
I strew their moisten'd cups to deck my Mary's bier.

H. C.

THE TEAR.

HOW seldom, in this desert vale,
Congenial happiness we find;
Seldom, that friendship's steady gale
Re-animates the drooping mind!
Some passing breeze, to sorrow dear,
Dries but a while the bitter tear!

Scarce bud the wishes of the heart,
When, blighted by distrust, they die;
We feel the sum of bliss depart,
And o'er our fairest prospects sigh!
Some passing breeze, to sorrow dear,
Dries but a while the bitter tear!

Ah! when, to ills no more a prey,
Shall yet the wearied soul repose?
Soon, and behold earth's toilsome day
An everlasting sabbath close!
Fresh from the tree of life, is near
The breeze that dries the bitter tear!

A WINTER SCENE.

By the Rev. RICHARD MANT, *M. A.*

(Written on Christmas-day.)

'TIS sad to gaze when nature shrouds
The sun's reluctant ray,
And veils in deep embitter'd clouds
The glories of the day:
When sighing to the gale the wood
His wither'd honour yields,
And dark is now the mountain flood,
With storms deform'd and foul with mud,
And dimm'd the pleasant fields.

For who that has an eye to view,
And who that has a breast
To feel the charms that round him glow,
In summer splendour drest,
O'er all the scene a glance can dart,
And see without a sigh;
Not all the scene can now impart
A charm to glad his drooping heart,
And fix his roving eye.

O then 'tis sweet to think the hour
Of gloom shall pass away,
And dark December's stormy power
Soon yield to gentle May:
That soon the sun his laughing beam
From azure skies shall shed,
Soon on the torpid forest gleam,
And tint with gold the lucid stream,
And robe the verdant mead.

E'en so it is with them who trace
The monuments of death,
And mourn for man's devoted race;
Till to the eye of faith,
The winter of the grave to cheer,
Look forth the smiling spring,
And, leading heav'n's eternal year,
The Sun of Righteousness appear
With healing on his wing.

THE ADIEU.

THE hour is almost come
When I must bid adieu
To my parental home,
And part, dear friends, from you,
Whose kindness, love, and hospitality,
Has shielded me from man's duplicity.

Farewell thou pleasant hill,
And sweetly shady bow'r,
For contemplation form'd;
Where oft at evening hour
I've pensive sat, and view'd the charming scene,
The church, the cot, the mill, and winding stream.

When from the golden broom
The lark has soar'd to sing,
His grateful vesper song,
To heav'n's all bounteous King,
Oft' have I wish'd, sweet bird, thy strength of wings,
That I might mount above terrestrial things.

Yet cheerfully I'll go,
For duty's voice is dear;
Tho' mem'ry with a sigh,
Will fondly linger here.
May health and peace ever attend on you,
And joy and love.—Adieu, dear friends, adieu!

Feb. 8, 1807. SOPHIA T.

THE CHARMER OF LEADENHALL STREET.*

(*A burlesque Valentine*).

DEAR charmer of Leadenhall-street,
Attend, while I sing of my pains:
Thy beauties, alas! are so sweet,
They've puzzled my planet-struck brains.
Thus plagued, at a loss for a name,
By which thy bright charms I might greet,
It struck me to call thee, fair dame,
The charmer of Leadenhall-street.

I've known thee, alas! a long while,
And sometimes have written to thee;
But your pride ne'er allows you to smile
On a wretch so devoted as me.
Oh! deign, beauteous maiden, to give
Me a smile the next time that we meet,
And then I'll adore while I live
The charmer of Leadenhall-street.

May Venus inspire you with love,
Though with Venus in charms you can vie;
May Hymen unite us, my dove,
And in wedlock fast bind you and I;
Then our lives will pass on without strife,
Our hearts in fond union will beat;
I shall bless, while I have any life,
The charmer of Leadenhall-street.

Valentine's day, 1807. J. M. L.

MARY MARTON.

A BALLAD.

(*By John Mayne.*)

I.

POOR William was landed at bonny Dumbarton,
Where the streams from Lochlomond run into the sea:
At home, in sweet Ireland, he left Mary Marton,
With a child at her foot, and a babe on her knee.
The regiment march'd off when the passage was over,
The rout was for England, by land all the way;
No, never to halt, but, at Ramsgate, or Dover,
Embark in the vessels that were in the Bay.

II.

Fond Mary, the while, in her spirit quite broken,
Disturb'd in her sleep, and perplex'd in her mind,
No letter from William, no tidings, no token,
Resolv'd, at all hazards, her hero to find.
O! what, in this world, can deter a true lover?
It is not long journies by land or by sea:
'Tween hope and despair, in a boat without cover,
She cross'd to Port Patrick from Donaghadee!

III.

The Irish are true to humanity's claims,
And the Scots and the English are never unkind;
Poor Mary found friends from the Boyne to the Thames,
As she trudg'd with her babes in a wallet behind!
Arriv'd at the coast—by her sorrowful tale,
She soften'd the captain to let her on board;
And never, O! never, did mariner sail
With a couple like William to Mary restor'd!

IV.

When he press'd to his bosom his infants and wife,
The sailors gave way to a tear, and no more;
The soldiers danc'd round to the drum and the fife,
And plaudits were heard from the people on shore:
Then away went the fleet—and, sailing with glee,
May glory, in battle, be ever at hand;
May Britons live happy, united, and free,
Supreme on the Ocean, unconquer'd by Land!

Saturday, August 23, 1806.

A SONNET.

(*By W. M. T———.*)

WHY do I shun soft pleasure's sportive train?
Why seek the midnight's solitary gloom?
And, heedless, see depart health's roseate bloom,
Dread sign of loath'd disease, sad care or pain?
'Tis not desire of wealth—ambition vain!—
Or philosophic lore, or sickness' doom:
'The charms of song' the dusky scene illume,
And o'er my willing mind their sway maintain.
And whilst I, pensive, sweep the trembling lyre
Of sad Valclusa's bard, or Flaccus sage,
The virgin Hope warbles her sweetest strain,
And bids me to the glorious meed aspire
To genius due—her smiles my fears assuage,
And led by her I seek *the wreath which few attain.*

* If any male reader of the Lady's Magazine should find this *elegant* valentine adapted to his *own case*, by altering the name of the street, it may be made to apply to any fair lady; as the writer of it merely chose *Leadenhall-street* as containing a sufficient number of syllables to *fill up the measure* of his *rhyme*, (he had almost written *iniquity*), and as being a name *heavy* enough to correspond with his verses.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Dec. 10.

ON the 15th of November, a courier from the French head-quarters at Posen, brought the grand segnior the agreeable assurance that the emperor and king Napoleon was determined to defend with his whole power the independence and integrity of the Porte. The French ambassador here, Sebastiani, is treated with the greatest distinction on every occasion.

Dec. 12. Notwithstanding the respect paid to the commandant of the British squadron, it does not prevent the French ambassador Sebastiani from receiving the most polite and cordial attention. Never did the Porte stand more in need of the assistance of the French than at present. People imagine they observe the Divan engaged in new measures of defence, and these measures seemingly are extended to the Turkish navy, orders having been given to get all the vessels ready for sailing with all possible speed.

According to letters from Bucharest, the Russian troops are momentarily expected in that city; the number of those who have passed the Dniester are reckoned at 30,000 men; general Michelson, who commands this corps of the army, has under him generals Hulusere and prince Dolgorucky.

Vienna, Dec. 27. The fate of marquis Ghisilieri, who, in his capacity of commissary general in Albania and Dalmatia, surrendered Cattaro to the Russians, is now decided: he is dismissed from the imperial service, and sentenced to be confined in a fortress in Transilvania for the remainder of his life.

Warsaw, Dec. 27. The line of defence which was drawn from Konigsberg to the mouth of the Narew is now broken through. The Russian army is estimated at 120,000 men. Within these few days from 800 to 1000 casks of wine have arrived for the use of the troops. The Poles, who are stationed on the right wing of the army, have distinguished themselves in several engagements.

Dantzic, Jan. 1. Notwithstanding the column of French that marched from Thorn, and which was said to have taken the route for Konigsberg, have actually proceeded southward to Poland, our court has rightly judged the present situation of affairs as too critical to admit of any longer stay at Konigsberg. It is, therefore, preparing to transfer the seat of government to Memel. Baron Hardenberg is already set out for that place, with the treasury and the archives. Still his Prussian majesty seems inclined to make further efforts for procuring a peace; and we learn that baron Krusemark has again set out for Petersburgh, in order, as we are informed, to prevail upon the court of Russia to take the immediate interest of Prussia into consideration.

Konigsberg, Jan. 2. Our gazette contains the official account of the battle between the Russians and the French, on the 26th of December, in the following letter from the Russian general Beningsen to the King of Prussia.

'I have the happiness most respectfully to acquaint your majesty, that I have succeeded in repulsing the enemy, who yesterday morning attacked me on every point near Pultusk. The main attack was made by general Soucher, at the head of 15,000 men, on my left

wing, near Farmgurka, in the view of getting possession of that town. I had only 5000 men, under general Bagonaut, to oppose the enemy on that side. They made a brave defence till I sent a reinforcement of three battalions of reserve, and afterwards three more under general Tolstoi, by which means the right wing of the French was totally defeated. The second attack, equally brisk, was made on my right flank, where general Barkelay De Tolly was posted with the vanguard. This wing extended, on the road towards Sztegocyn, to a small wood, where I had placed a covered battery, which the enemy attempted to turn. I therefore made a movement backwards on their right, which succeeded so well that I not only frustrated the attempt of the enemy, but was also so fortunate as to reinforce general Barkelay De Tolly with three battalions, ten squadrons, and one battery, to repulse the enemy; on which the enemy retreated from the wood. The attack commenced at eleven in the morning, and lasted till dark. From the relation of all the prisoners, I was opposed by Messrs. Murat, Davoust, and Lasnes, with an army exceeding 50,000 men. They have lost about 5000 according to their own account.

'All my troops fought with the greatest bravery. The following generals particularly distinguished themselves:—Osterman, Tolstoi, Barkelay De Tolly, prince Dolgorouky, Bagonaut, Sommoff, and Sitoff, of the infantry; also colonels Daviddoffsky and Gondoff, &c. &c.

'Field-marshal Kamenskoy departed from Pultusk for Ostrolenka on the morning of the 26th of December, previous to the attack, and again gave up the whole command to me, so that I have had the good fortune to command alone in this affair, and to beat the enemy.

'I have to lament, that the long expected succour of general Buxhoevden had not arrived, although he was only two German miles distant, and even halted half way. I should otherwise have been able to follow up my victory. I have further to lament, that the total want of provisions and forage obliges me to retire with my corps to Rozaw. The enemy has not molested me in my retreat.

(Signed) 'Beningsen.'

Rozaw, 27—15 *December*, 1806.

Vienna, Jan. 7. The Russian ambassador at our court, M. Razomousky, has received intelligence of the Russians having taken the island of Curzola, in the Adriatic, near the coasts of Dalmatia, and have placed a strong garrison in it. The college of war has also received the unexpected news that the Servian insurgents have taken possession of an island near Semlin, called Kingsmul, (L'Isle de la Guerre): orders have already been given to drive the Servians from the said island, unless they quit it voluntarily. It is thought that the Servians only occupy it in order to approach with more advantage the fortress of Belgrade.—(*Hamburgh Correspondenten.*)

Stutgard, Jan. 10. The discharge of cannon has announced to us the surrender of the fortress of Breslau on the 5th inst. by capitulation, on the same conditions as Glogau. The allied troops were to enter first on the 7th, under prince Jerome of France, who was expected back from Poland on the 8th. On the 29th of December some considerable engagements took place near Ohlau, and on the 30th, in the vicinity of Breslau, in which the royal troops again greatly distinguished themselves, 3000 prisoners, 13 cannons, 1200 horses, and some standards, have been the fruits of this surrender. Details will be given in a few days.

Breslau, Jan. 10. After sustaining a month's siege, and a bombardment nearly of the same duration, with considerable damage, our city has at length been compelled to surrender to the troops of the emperor of the French and king of Italy. The besieging corps, under prince Jerome, comprising the troops of Wurtemberg, having appeared before this place from the 17th to the 20th of November, it was inclosed by a corps of cavalry and some cannon.—From that period all communication with Glogau and Lower Silesia was cut off. His excellency general Thile was governor, and major-general Kraft commandant of the fortress, having

with him major-general Lindener, of the corps of engineers.—The bombardment commenced in form on the morning of the 10th of December, and continued day and night, with some intervals, till the 3d of January, in consequence of which the place was often on fire, and upwards of 100 of the inhabitants partly killed and partly wounded. The houses and churches have suffered very materially; and as the uneasiness of the people increased every day, the hope of relief seemed further and further removed, and as any further resistance only tended to expose this once flourishing city to inevitable ruin, on the 3d instant an armistice was agreed to; and on the 5th the capitulation, which is exactly the same as was granted to Glogau, was formally signed.

Leipzic, Jan. 12. Two other affairs between the Prussian and Wurtemberg troops have followed that of the 24th. These occurred on the 29th and 30th, when the Prussians lost 1500 prisoners and seven pieces of cannon. The garrison of Breslau consists of six or seven thousand men. Immediately after its surrender, general Deroi marched to Brieg to invest that place. General Vanddamme is charged to blockade Schweidnitz with the division under his command, to which place the prince of Anhalt Pless has retired.

Stralsund, Jan. 12. The French general Mortier has again taken possession of Anclam, with a corps of 5000 foot and 1000 horse: his artillery consists of 4 howitzers and 12 twelve-pounders. The rest of his corps, which is in the whole estimated at 14,000 men, occupy the neighbouring country: it is said to suffer much from want of provisions. General Mortier left Anclam on the 25th of last month, with the greatest part of the garrison, and was joined between Lapin and Netzholf by three regiments of infantry, manœuvred some days in the vicinity, and then returned to Anclam.

In the duchy of Mecklenburgh remain at present but very few French troops, most of them having marched to Prussia. In the mean time the country is treated in the most hostile manner; in the towns all sorts of goods are taken away on pretence of their being English; contributions of every description are levied on the country, and the duke's arms replaced by those of the French emperor.

At Ribnitz as well as Demmin demonstrations have been made to cross over to this side, and to construct bridges for that purpose. At Meyenkebs-pass a storm threw a considerable quantity of timber collected for the construction of bridges on the Swedish side, which the commanding officer of the Swedish chasseurs stationed there seized upon, and rejected the demand of the French officers who reclaimed it with contempt.

Between Stemburgh and Butzow, in the duchy of Mecklenburgh, we understand a considerable French park of artillery has been obliged to halt on account of the heaviness of the roads, which renders the conveyance of ordnance almost impossible.

Frankfort on the Maine, Jan. 13. An official account from Pultusk, of the 30th of December, says, 'Marshal Lasnes commanded in the battle of Pultusk 18,000 men; he had 50,000 men opposed to him. He defeated them; 12,000 were killed, and 3,000 were taken prisoners and wounded. Marshal Augereau commanded at Golymin; he had a horse killed under him: the result was almost equally splendid.'

Augsburg, Jan. 14. This day several hundred Bavarian troops, infantry and cavalry, with four pieces of cannon, marched for the Iller, to suppress the tumultuary movements which have taken place in some parts of the country, on account of the raising of recruits, but which will soon be suppressed.

Magdeburg, Jan. 17. Our hospitals are full of sick, the forced marches in such a season and in such bad weather have inundated us with several disorders, and particularly dysenteries.

The French authorities at Berlin have just sent us an order to press the payment of the contributions.

HOME NEWS.

Edinburgh, Jan. 24.

HIS majesty's ship Nightingale, captain Wilkinson, arrived last night in Leith roads, from off Tonningen, which place he left last Tuesday.—Two days before, the 18th instant, captain Mott, of his majesty's armed ship lying there, made a signal that the French army were defeated beyond Warsaw. Capt. W. immediately went on board captain Mott, who informed him he had received a letter from the consul, stating that the Russians, after several defeats, and losing from sixty to eighty pieces of cannon, had retreated to a distance beyond Warsaw, and that the French had gone into winter-quarters;—thus situated, the Russians, collecting all their forces, fell upon the French armies, the remains of which had retreated to Berlin, after losing 80,000 men. The archduke Charles, with an Austrian army, had been ready to fall upon the French in Silesia.

The reason given for the French going into quarters, was their being unable to stand the severity of the weather.

Leith, Jan. 23. 'His majesty's sloop Nightingale, captain Wilkinson, has just come up from the Eyder, which he left on Tuesday. Captain Wilkinson informs me, that captain Mott, of his majesty's armed ship lying in the Eyder, on the 18th acquainted him, per signal, of the defeat of the French with the loss of eighty thousand men; and that, on going on board for the particulars, he informed him, that he (captain Mott) had a letter from the consul advising, that that day's mail had brought the accounts of the Russians having defeated the French, who lost 80,000 men, and were retreating to Berlin. Captain Mott left the master of his ship to bring him the news that the next day's mail brought, but he had not gained the ship when captain Wilkinson left the Eyder, on account of the frost setting in, on Tuesday the 20th. Perhaps the mail may not have arrived which he was ordered to wait for by captain Mott.

'Captain Wilkinson informs me, that the Russians had met with several defeats, lost many men, and from 60 to 80 pieces of cannon, and retreated. The French had advanced considerably beyond the city of Warsaw, and had gone into winter quarters. The Russians, after collecting all their forces, attacked them in this situation, and the battle above alluded to was the result. It was also reported, that the emperor of Russia had created Constantine king of Poland.

'The last accounts from the Austrians were, that the archduke Charles was ready to strike a blow in Silesia.'

Yarmouth, Jan. 26. Yesterday afternoon arrived the Astrea frigate from Copenhagen, which place she left on the 20th instant, at which time it was reported that the French had lost 60,000 men, and several pieces of cannon. The frigate, on her passage outward, lost her main and mizen masts, threw all her guns except seven overboard, and made 14 feet water in an hour.

London, Jan. 27. On Saturday Mr. Chivers, of Clapham-common, was most barbarously murdered by his own servant. On the morning of that day, after breakfast, the niece of Mr. Chivers, who resides with him, went in

his carriage to take an airing; Mr. Chivers, who was between 70 and 80 years of age, went into his garden to take a walk, as was his daily custom, inspecting the gardener at his work, and conversing with him; the latter is a Scotchman, 22 years of age, and full six feet high. About half past eleven o'clock, the gardener ran into the house from the garden in great agitation and terror, exclaiming to the servants, 'Lord, what have I done? I have struck my master, and he has fell;' and immediately left the house, without giving any explanation, and made for the town of Clapham. The footman went into the garden to discover what had happened, when he found his master on the ground, apparently lifeless, and his face a most shocking spectacle; it appearing that the gardener had struck his master with a spade that he was at work with, the end of which entered the lower part of his nose, broke both his jaw bones, and penetrating nearly to a line with his ears, so that his head was nearly separated. The gardener was soon after apprehended, and the magistrates committed him to Horsemonger-lane prison. The cause of the shocking act, it is supposed, was a dispute between him and his master respecting the management of a tree.

Last night, in the second scene of the pantomime, at Covent-Garden theatre, and while the younger Bologna and miss Searle were on the stage, a person in the two shilling gallery threw a glass bottle, supposed to be aimed at Mr. Bologna, jun.; it fell near the orchestra, and severely wounded in the head a gentleman in the pit; a great quantity of blood gushed from the wound; he was immediately carried out for surgical assistance. The house was thrown into a great confusion, and the cry of 'manager' resounded from all parts of the theatre. Grimaldi came forward, and after some time had elapsed he obtained an hearing. He stated that the manager was not in the house, but a proper officer was sent up into the gallery to endeavour to find out the offender. Shortly afterwards, Farley, with two of the Bow-street officers, appeared in the gallery, and, in the name of the proprietors, offered a reward of fifty guineas to any one who would discover the person who had thrown the bottle. He was immediately pointed out, and was by the officers carried to Bow-street.

Bath, Jan. 27. A singular instance of accumulated misfortune occurred in the family of a respectable farmer near Devises a few days since: a fever swept off three children at the same time; scarce had the unfortunate victims of disease been carried 'to their silent home,' when the remaining offspring, two fine boys (at the drear hour of midnight), had not returned from a neighbouring school; in vain did the anxious parent search with quickening step each snow-clad path; returning home for aid, some hours elapsed before the little wanderers were discovered under a hedge; one of them in a torpid state, the other just sufficiently able to articulate. The joy of the mother on their being restored to her, acted so strongly on her feelings, as to awaken a conflict of passion that had well nigh terminated her existence.

The same evening a clergyman in the neighbourhood, returning homeward after having performed his sacred duty, perished through intense cold; his body was found the next morning.—A numerous family are left to lament his untimely fate.

London, Jan. 29. The business of the house of lords to day was for a few minutes interrupted, in consequence of the intrusion of the personage who so frequently infested the court of chancery a few months since as the pretended duke of Norfolk. He entered the house yesterday with the utmost sang froid; stopped for a moment opposite the fire place; and was apparently proceeding to communicate with the lord chancellor, on the woolsack, when he was recognized by some of their lordships, and his progress stopped by lord Kenyon. The assistance of the acting usher of the black rod, the sergeant at arms, and some of the attendants, was of course resorted to; and his soi disant grace was compelled to abdicate his intended seat. After he was put out of the house and the anticham-

ber, he did not appear inclined to renew the change.

31. The daughter of a gentleman of fortune, in the vicinity of St. James's-street, absented herself from her father's house on Thursday morning, and, as it is supposed, has decamped with an officer belonging to a regiment of cavalry. The lady, who is twenty-three years of age, does not appear to have made any particular preparation for her flight. She walked out as usual before breakfast, but without a servant maid who was used to attend her. She did not return, of course, at her usual time, and her absence caused no small degree of anxiety for her safety. It was ascertained, however, in the course of the morning, that a chaise from the city had been waiting upwards of two hours in Berkeley-street, Piccadilly, which had at length conveyed away a lady answering the description of the fair fugitive, and who was accompanied by a gentleman. No other traces of the parties were discovered yesterday, but that they had taken the Bath road. A secret correspondence it seems had subsisted between the parties during a fortnight. The gallant is a lieutenant in a regiment of dragoons.

Feb. 3. The following shocking catastrophe befel Mrs. Simison, the wife of an attorney in Poland-street, Oxford-street:—The lady, who is now no more, was sitting alone in the kitchen of her house on Monday night, waiting the arrival of Mr. S. after her family had retired to rest. About twelve o'clock, a gentleman who lodged in the house was alarmed by a smell of something burning, which induced him to go down stairs, and on his approaching the kitchen door, he discovered the unfortunate Mrs. S. lying near the fire-place, with her clothes burned to ashes. The room was also on fire, and the gentleman alarmed the neighbourhood; but all assistance towards saving the life of the unfortunate sufferer proved unavailing, although it was the cause of a momentary respite from death.—The unfortunate lady remained alive until five o'clock in the morning, in the most extreme agony, during which time she was sensible, and took leave of her family, whom she had expressed a wish to have in her sight. The deceased was a handsome woman, about 40 years of age, and has left an offspring of a son and four daughters.

There was a most violent hurricane at Exeter on Thursday, which did considerable damage. A stack of chimneys was blown down at one house, which forced the floors in its way, and killed one of the band of the Montgomery militia, who was sitting in a parlour, from which several of his companions had just departed. A woman being in the attic story, was carried down with the ruins to the ground, and was extricated from them unhurt.—Many persons wounded in the streets by slates, &c., and 33 large elms in Cowick park, were torn up by roots.

Truro, Feb. 6. On Monday the inhabitants of this town were alarmed by an awful thunder-storm, which threatened the most serious consequences. The wind blew strong from the south-west during the morning, and several explosions were heard, but all too distant to excite any serious apprehensions, till about 11 o'clock, when a flash of lightning, extremely vivid, was instantly followed by a tremendous crash of thunder, which seemed to burst close down upon the tops of the houses, and shattered the windows of the Red-lion inn, Mr. Mudge's house, Mr. Hodge's, and several others. In the mean time the electric fluid struck the church tower in several places, where the conductor, neutralised perhaps by rust, did not afford all the security expected from it. A stone of nearly 2 cwt. was thrown off the south-west angle of the top of the square tower, at the base of the spire. As the fluid descended in a zigzag direction, it recoiled again and struck the base of the wall near the porch with great violence, but was repelled by the solid masses of granite of which it is formed. Some part of it, however, entered the church, and passing out at the great window over the altar, broke several panes of glass, and greatly damaged the window frames. It then entered the kitchen of the Bear inn (which stands close to the N. E. angle of the church), struck a man backward, but without injuring him,

and passed off without further damage. Early on Thursday morning last we were visited by another thunder storm, one clap of which (about five in the morning) was little less tremendous than that whose effects we have described, but providentially did no harm that we have heard of.

Deal, Feb. 18. The wind, which all day yesterday was variable and light, gave no indication of an approaching storm; but after sun-set it veered round to the N. N. W. and by midnight blew a hurricane, accompanied with a prodigious fall of snow and sleet. It continued to increase in violence during the night, and this morning presented to us a most distressing spectacle; no less than eight vessels being driven on shore between the south end of the town and Kingsdown, a distance not exceeding two miles and a half in length.—Two large outward-bound West Indiamen (one a fine copper-bottomed vessel) are wrecked close by Deal castle. The Hope, Deal hoy, with a large freight of goods from London, is on shore near Walmer castle, but it is hoped that greater part of the goods will be saved. A large American vessel drove on shore at the same time, and striking the ground sooner than the Hope, formed a kind of barrier to the latter, and in a considerable degree broke off the violence of the sea. Four other vessels are on shore to the southward of Walmer castle; but at present I cannot learn any particulars respecting them, except that one is a large Plymouth trader; and at the instant of her striking the ground, the mast went by the board, and in its descent fell on two of the unfortunate crew and crushed them to atoms. In the momentary intervals of the snow's ceasing, we can discover seven or eight vessels in the Downs dismasted. One of them has neither bowsprit nor the stump of a mast standing. The Defence of 74 guns, captain Ekins, with a number of other ships, have parted their cables and drove from their anchorage, but the storm and snow continuing, we cannot tell what has become of them.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 25. At Cheshunt, Herts, lady Charlotte Wollesley, of a daughter.

31. At Guildhall, the lady of the city remembrancer of a son, her twelfth child.

Feb. 1. In Red-lion-square, the lady of Malcolm Ross, esq. of a daughter.

2. The duchess of Montrose, of a son, in Grosvenor-square. This child, although not the heir apparent to the family estates, becomes entitled to considerable property, by the bequest of a near relative.

3. At his house in Portman-square, the lady of colonel Beaumont, of a son.

8. At his house in Berkeley-square, the lady of Thomas Buckler Lethbridge, esq. M. P. of a daughter.

The lady of the hon. general sir Arthur Wellesley, of a son and heir, at his house in Harley-street.

9. At Clapham, the lady of Christopher Magnay, esq. of a daughter.

10. At his house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, the lady of Thomas Peregrine Courtenay, esq. of a daughter.

17. At Mapledurham-house, Oxon, the lady of Edward Blount, esq. of Bellamore, Staffordshire, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 29. At Hampstead church, J. W. Lloyd, esq. to miss Anna Maria Longley, daughter of John Longley, esq. of Hampstead.

At Crawley, by the rev. E. Oslebar Smith, Robert Oslebar, third son of the late Richard Oslebar, of Renwick-house, in the county of Bedford, esq. to Charlotte, daughter and heiress of the late rev. D. Shipton, of Crawley, in the same county.

At the collegiate-church, Manchester, by the rev. Joshua Brookes, James Bellairs, esq. of Derby, banker, to Elizabeth Ann, eldest daughter of Lawrence Peel, esq. of Ardwick-green, and niece of sir Robert Peel, bart. M. P.

31. At Acton, Thomas Packin, esq. of Lombard-street, merchant, to miss Hughes, daughter of the late Wm. Hughes, esq. of Birmingham.

At Plymouth, Henry Strangeways, esq. of Shapwick, in Somersetshire, to miss Bewes, eldest daughter of the late Harry Bewes, esq. of Duloe, in Cornwall.

Feb. 1. The rev. J. J. Hume, rector of West Kingston, Wilts, to miss Lydia Lane, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Lane, esq of Grittleton-house, in the same county.

2. Thomas Kinloch esq. of Kilric, Scotland, to miss Anne Morley, third daughter of the late James Morley, esq.

5. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the rev. Thomas Walter Ward, Mr. Smith, of Barnet, to the accomplished miss Dean, of Princes-street, Hanover-square.

At St. George's Bloomsbury, Edward Barnwell, esq. of the colony of Demerara, to miss Lucy Brotherson, of Charlotte-street.

John Walter, esq. to miss Moody, both of Chelsea.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, sir Daniel Fleming, bart. to miss Fleming, daughter of the late sir Michael Le Fleming, bart.

At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Thomas Vincent, esq. to Mrs. Hazlewood, of Dean-street, Soho.

10. At Barham-court, the seat of the right. hon. lord Barham, Wm. Henry Hoare, esq. eldest son of Henry Hoare, esq. to miss Noel, eldest daughter of Gerard Noel, esq. of Exton-park Rutlandshire, and grand-daughter of lord Barham. The ceremony was performed in Tutor-church by the rev. Gerard Noel, the lady's brother. After the ceremony, the happy pair set out for Mitcham-grove.

By special licence, at the hon. colonel St. Leger's, in Sloane-street, the hon. and rev. Edward Taylor, brother to the marquis of Headford, to miss St. Leger, eldest daughter of colonel St. Leger.

At Mary-le-bonne-church, Robert Harry Inglis, esq. only son of sir Hugh Inglis, bart. to miss Biscoe, eldest daughter of Joseph Seymour Biscoe, esq. of Pend-hill, in the county of Surrey

At Wollerton, in Norfolk, the hon. and rev. Wm. Wodehouse, youngest son of lord Wodehouse, to miss Hussey, eldest daughter of Thomas Hussey, esq of Galtrim, in Ireland, and grand-daughter to lord Orford.

DEATHS.

Jan. 22. At Southampton, in the 67th year of his age, Arthur Hammond, esq. a justice of the peace for that town and county, and late one of the surveyors-general of the customs in London.

25. Miss Catharine Sarah, youngest daughter of the rev. Thomas Sandford, of Sandford-hall, in the county of Salop.

Mrs. Huet, wife of Doctor Huet, M. D. of Gower-street, Bedford-square.

30. At Bath, the lady of Wyndham Knatchbull, esq. of Russell-place, sister to sir Edward Knatchbull, bart.

Feb. 2. At her brother in law's, general Bethwick, at Greenwich, Mrs. Mary Lind, eldest sister to the late John Lind, esq. barrister, of Lincoln's-inn.

On Monday last, at Hadley, Mrs. Harris, relict of the late James Harris, esq. of Great Baddow, Essex.

4. At his house at Stamford-hill, in the 70th year of his age, Mr. Wm. Holdsworth, formerly of the Bank of England.

5. Wm. Buckley, esq. in Gower-street, and of Garden-court, Middle-Temple.

6. Lady Ashhurst, wife of sir Wm. H. Ashhurst, of Waterstock, in the county of Oxford.

8. At her house in Hinde-street, Manchester-square, the right hon. baronness Dufferin and Clanboye, of the county of Downe, in Ireland. Her ladyship died at the age of 80 years, leaving issue five sons and four daughters, all married. She is succeeded in her fortune and title by her eldest son, the hon. James Blackwood, now lord Dufferin and Clanboye.

Account of the EXECUTION of the Murderers, and the DREADFUL ACCIDENT in the *Old Bailey*, which happened on Monday, Feb. 23.

THE wretched sufferers were John Holloway and Owen Haggerty, for the murder of Mr. Steel, near the 11 mile-stone, on Hounflow-heath, on the evening of the 6th of November, 1802; and Elizabeth Godfrey, for ftabbing Richard Prince with a pen-knife in the left eye, on Christmas-day last, of which wound he languifhed until the 14th ult. when he died.

Owen Haggerty made no public acknowledgment of either guilt or innocence. John Holloway, a stout, but very savage and malignant looking fellow, wore a smock frock, he had his hat in his hands; and mounting the scaffold, he jumped, and made an aukward bow, and said, 'I am innocent, innocent, by God!' He then turned round, and bowing, made use of the same expressions—'Innocent! Innocent! Innocent! Gentlemen! No verdict! No verdict! No verdict! Gentlemen!—Innocent! Innocent!'

Elizabeth Godfrey was dressed in white, with a close cap; she wore long sleeves: she appeared much dejected, and sensible of her situation; was rather stout, well-looking, and in the 26th year of her age. About five or six minutes past eight they were launched into eternity;—when a most DREADFUL SCENE took place at the corner of Green-Arbour-lane, near Skinner-street; where, from the immense pressure of the crowd, several persons were trampled under foot, and 34 individuals were taken up killed, and dying; and also an equal number dreadfully bruised, trampled upon, and wounded, were carried to their respective homes; besides 15 which are in a dangerous state in St. Bartholomew's hospital. The following, as we could collect, are the particulars of this shocking affair. From the many hours the spectators were standing closely wedged together, many of them became very weak, through pressure and excessive heat: at the time the criminals mounted the scaffold, the anxiety of the populace to hear whether Holloway and Haggerty would confess their guilt, made them generally run forward; those the farthest off from the spectacle pushing forward to obtain a view, caused the shock, which was so great, that there was nothing to be heard from several quarters but agonizing screams, and shrieks of 'Murder! Murder!' At this moment a cart, which was overloaded with spectators, opposite Mr. Haley's wine-vaults, broke down, and some of the persons falling from the vehicle were trampled under foot, and never after arose. A few yards from this scene of distress, nearly facing Mr. Hazel's, tallow-chandler, stood a pie-man, who, from the extreme pressure dropped his bafket, and, in stooping for it, was trampled upon by the crowd. This accident caused several to fall, to each of whom it was death. The screams of the dying and wounded were dreadful; no assistance could be afforded! One unhappy woman was trampled to death, who had a fine girl of about three years of age in her arms, but was very providentially rescued from a similiar fate by the following stratagem: some persons from the window of the first floor in the opposite house threw out a rope, with a noose at the end, to the place where the persons lay trampled upon; the child lay over her dying mother, with heaps of others; and some person contrived to put the rope round her body, by which means she was pulled up, and taken in at the window.

During the hour the three malefactors necessarily hung, there could be but very little assistance afforded to the unhappy sufferers; however, after the bodies were cut down, and the gallows removed to the Old Bailey yard, the mob began in some degree to disperse; the whole of which assembled could not be estimated at less than 50,000 persons. The marshals and constables cleared the street of the idle rabble who remained about the place where the accidental catastrophes occurred, and, shocking to

relate, upwards of 100 persons dead, or in a state of insensibility, lay round the street. Twenty-seven dead bodies were taken to St. Bartholomew's hospital, two to St. Sepulchre's church, one to the Swan on Snow-hill, one to a public house opposite St. Andrew's church, Holborn; one, an apprentice, taken to his master's; Mr. Broadwood, piano-forte maker, in Golden-square; a mother was seen carrying away the body of her dead boy; Mr. Harrison, a respectable gentleman, to his house at Holloway. There was a sailor boy killed opposite Newgate by suffocation; he carried a small bag, in which he had some bread and cheese, as it is supposed he came some distance to behold the execution. After the dead, dying, and wounded, were carried away, there was a cart-load of shoes, hats, petticoats, and other articles of wearing apparel picked up. Until four o'clock in the afternoon, every house had some person in a wounded state; they were afterwards taken away by their friends on shutters, or in hackney coaches. The doors of St. Bartholomew's hospital were closed against the populace.—After the bodies of the dead were stripped and washed, they were, to the number of twenty-seven, ranged round a ward on the first floor, on the women's side; they were placed on the floor, with sheets over them, and their clothes put as pillows under their heads; their faces were uncovered: there was a rail along the centre of the room: the persons who were admitted to see the shocking spectacle went up on one side, and returned out on the other. Until two o'clock, the entrances to the hospital were beset with mothers weeping for their sons!—wives for their husbands!—and sisters for their brothers!—various individuals for their relatives or friends.—Seldom has such a scene of distress and misery presented itself in this metropolis. When the gates were opened a great concourse was admitted; when the yard was full, the gates were again closed, until the first visitors were admitted to this scene of woe: as soon as any of the deceased were recognised, the body was either put into a shell, or the face covered over, with the name of the party written on a paper, and pinned over the body.

The report from St. Bartholomew's hospital includes nearly the whole of the dead bodies occasioned by this melancholy catastrophe. They were placed as follows in one of the wards, reckoning from the left of the entrance:—

CORRECTED LIST OF THE DEAD.

1. Bradford, Thos. Great Pulteney-street, Golden-square.
2. Boother, William, at Mr. Wiber's, 36, Colonade, Russell-square.
3. Carter, John, Type-street, Moorfields.
4. Carpenter, Benjamin, } Hammer-
5. Ditto, junior, } smith.
6. Cuttel, James, Gwinning's-court, Grub-street.
7. Cooper, Thomas, 3, Rose-alley, Golden-lane.
8. Cross, ——, Norwich-court, Fetter-lane.
9. Dilling, John, King-street, Old-street.
10. Fieldhurst, Joseph, 2, Plough-street, Whitechapel.
11. Fry, Sarah, 3, Market-street, St. James's.
12. Guest, William, Gutter-lane, Cheapside.
13. Grover, Daniel, 51, Cow-Cross-street, Smithfield.
14. Herrington, William, 31, Skinner-street, Somers Town.
15. Howard, Samuel, Charles-street, Middlesex hospital.
16. Plat, William, 15, Russel-court, Drury-lane.
17. Panton, Charlotte, 19, King-street, Drury-lane.
18. Pringle, Robert, 3, French-yard, Bowling green lane, Clerkenwell.
19. Russel, Richard, 4, Alcock-lane, Shoreditch.
20. Saul, R. Whitechapel.
21. Tozor, Elizabeth, Fox-court, Ray-street, Clerkenwell.
22. Taylor, Joseph, 8, Peter-street, Cow-cross.
23. Thorne, Joseph, Flower-de-luce-court, Spitalfields.

24. Tyler, William, 39, Church-street, Soho.
25. Wilson, George, 6, Beauchamp-street, Brook's-market.
26. Williams, William, 9, Dyot-street, St. Giles's.
27. Wimble, John, 18, Great Barlow-street, Manchester-square.
28. White, Henry, at the Swan public-house, Skinner-street.

In other wards were 15 more persons, who though living were severely maimed or bruised. The remarks of these survivors were all corroborative of the circumstances we have stated.

Thomas Worcester declared, that the pressure of the crowd, which terminated so very calamitously, arose from the confluence of the multitude from all the adjoining streets and alleys; that they pressed forward with incredible force towards the scaffold; that he fell between the pump and the top of Skinner-street; that this happened about eight o'clock in the morning, or a few minutes after; that having been trampled upon by vast numbers, who were forced in the same direction, he soon became senseless; that he was, notwithstanding, saved very unaccountably or miraculously; and he must have remained more than 20 minutes in that perilous situation.

James Devise's declaration went in proof of similar causes and effects. He was also one of the same crowd in which many suffered the loss of their lives. According to the best of his recollection, the disaster commenced about eight o'clock, when the criminals about to be executed had their caps pulled over their eyes.—(N. B. They were not executed till 20 minutes past eight o'clock).

Sister King (one of the nurses of this ward) corroborated the testimonies of the two last, so far as regarded several of the crowd, both those who had fallen on the ground, and those who had not, passing over the heads of the multitude. She recollected perfectly well the last preceding sufferer having his foot on the crown of her head, when she was forced, at the utmost hazard of her life, into the thickest and most violent of the crowd. This happened, she said, between the pump and the top of Skinner-street. The pressure came direct from all the chief streets, particularly from Skinner-street and that which leads from Smithfield. Notwithstanding the extreme violence with which she was attacked, she kept herself from falling; 'but she never, thank God! either felt or wished to feel herself in such an alarming situation!' Sister King appears to be about 56, low in stature, but of a robust constitution, and perfectly collected. She did not receive any serious injury, but seemed in perfect health, and was much elated in having experienced such a wonderful escape.

John Herrington or Atherington, said, that he was an auctioneer, of 34, Skinner-street, Somers-town, that the extreme pressure of the crowd from Ludgate-hill, or the Old Bailey, forced him off his feet opposite the Debtor's-door, Newgate, when he was irresistibly carried a little towards Skinner-street, and there fell; that he soon afterwards became nearly senseless; that vast numbers fell over him; that he frequently thought he was breathing his last; but that how he recovered himself he could not tell, as he then totally lost all recollection. He now thanked God for his very miraculous escape with life, although very much bruised. He then made the following melancholy reflection, with all the anxiety and affection of a father. 'I went into the crowd accompanied by my son, a lad of twelve years of age! The violence of those pressing around soon separated us!' ——(He now paused, and wept bitterly)——'What has become of him God knows!'——(Again his great sensibility overcame him.——In broken and despairing accents, he thus concluded his short but affecting speech)——'I have my fears!'——(again he burst into tears)——'I hope, however, he is safe, the same Providence which saved me may have also saved my son!'——The silent tear then followed, and when we assure the reader, that the gentleman who witnessed these sad and melancholy exclamations knew that the son was numbered among the dead (as

may be seen by a reference to the list, but a fact then totally unknown to the father), it will be readily acknowledged one of the most interesting and deplorable scenes which any person of humanity could encounter.

The next day a coroner's inquest was held on the sufferers in St. Bartholomew's hospital by Mr. Shelton the coroner, when the following account of the cause of this calamitous event was given in evidence.

Thomas Salmon, upon being sworn, stated that he lives with his brother, who keeps the King of Denmark public-house in the Old Bailey: that about seven o'clock on Monday morning, the crowd assembled in the Old Bailey was very great: that it kept increasing until eight, and by that hour every avenue leading to the Old Bailey was full of people; that there was a great noise and clamour until a few minutes past eight, when Haggerty ascended the scaffold; and then the witness heard a loud cry of 'Hats off!' The faces of the crowd seemed, at that time, turned to the scaffold; and the crowd fell back, putting down their hats as well as they could:—that the witness was stationed in the first floor window, and he heard a general scream; and looking upwards from the window towards St. Sepulchre's church, he saw one or two people fall opposite Green-Arbour-court, and about one yard from the pavement. He then said to a person who stood next him that he was afraid there was some mischief, and he saw several people climbing over those who were down. The crowd kept falling back over the persons who fell. He then observed that it was sad work; and, coming down into the tap-room, he communicated his fears to those around him. The crowd was so great at the door it was impossible he could go out, and he saw nothing more of the accident than the above. He was of opinion that the uncommon pressure was, in a great degree, occasioned by the people squeezing down their hats, which naturally operated so as to produce such an effect.

Richard Hazel, tallow-chandler, at No. 16, Old Bailey, was next called. About a quarter past 8 o'clock in the morning of Monday, while he was looking out of his one pair of stairs window, saw two distinct heaps of persons who had fallen. These heaps were about 8 or 10 yards from his door, and the greatest part of the persons that composed them seemed to be dead. The mob was continually treading backwards and forwards over them; and there was a great and incessant motion. There appeared to be about ten or twelve in each heap. There was about a yard of breadth between the two heaps; and through this interstice a great crowd was continually pressing. It was nearly half an hour before any assistance could be given to those who were thrown down. The witness saw several men and boys taken up senseless, and recovered by fanning their faces with hats, and by washing them with cold water. The dead bodies were then taken away to the hospital on men's shoulders and in carts. After the dead were removed, he saw lying on the ground a pie-basket, a large tin pan like a dripping pan, a quart tin can, and several pies, all squeezed entirely flat, and the dead body of the unfortunate person who lay upon them, taken up, appeared to be that of a very stout man. During the whole time there was a general clamour, but he could not distinguish any particular voices, or any word that was uttered; although he believes that 'Murder! Murder!' and 'Mercy! Mercy!' were the prevailing cries.

Mr. W. Flint, a printer in the Old Bailey, who resides close to the spot where this calamitous scene took place, states that he saw eight or ten brewers' servants, with their arms closely locked together, pushing riotously through the crowd, and trampling, purposely and wantonly, over those who had fallen and those they had thrown down. A person told him that they first threw down the pie man, and occasioned the confusion in another part of the street. If these wretches should be detected, no punishment would be too severe for them.

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Stothard del.

The Sudden Alarm.